643.L 1/3

A Plot, and no Plot.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Written by Mr. *DENNIS.*

Militiæ quamvis piger & malus, utilis urbi,
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.
Horace Epist.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Parker*, at the Sign of the *Unicorn* under the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil*: *P. Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple*, near the *Inner Temple Gate*, *Fleetstreet*: and *R. Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1697

There is lately publish'd,
The Provok'd Wife, A Comedy by the Author of the Relapse.
In a few days will be publish'd, The Novelty, being a Pastoral, Comedy, Masque, Tragedy, and Farce, by Mr. *Motteux*, and other Hands. Sold by *Richard Parker*, and *Peter Buck*.

To His Excellency

ROBERT,

Earl of Sunderland,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold, one of the Lords of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council, one of the Lords Juſtices, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

GRatitude, as well as Juſtice, requires, that a Poet ſhould addreſs his Labours to him, who procures the advancement of his Art; And 'tis ſufficiently known, that 'tis in a great meaſure to the wiſdom of your Lordſhip's Counſels, that we owe the near proſpect of a glorious Peace, which alone can make Poetry flouriſh: A proſpect without which we Writers, ſhould be as men in the world without hope; hope which is the preſent happineſs of the wretched, and their earneſt of future felicity.

My Lord, the indefatigable pains, and the un-

unwearied diligence which your Lordſhip has us'd in the advancing that Peace, and your entring at this happy Conjuncture, upon that high office, which brings thoſe who write for the Stage, immediately under your juriſdiction, give us aſſurances of what we may expect from your Lordſhips future protection.

'Twas immediately after that *Mecenas* had ſecur'd repoſe to the world, and its diſputed Empire to *Auguſtus*, that he begun to animate thoſe mighty geniuſes, which were equal to the Majeſty of the *Roman* people.

My Lord, when we, who write for the Stage, caſt our Eyes around us, we conclude unanimouſly, that if we our ſelves were to chuſe our protector, we ſhould be proud to make the ſame choice which the King has already made for us. Tho at the ſame time I humbly beg leave to acquaint your Lordſhip, that neither your Birth, nor Rank, nor your Capacity for affairs; tho this is great, as thoſe are illuſtrious, cou'd determin us to that choice. No, my Lord, you have qualities which weigh more with us, than all thoſe glorious advantages; and thoſe are, the fineneſs of your diſcernment, in matters of Wit and Eloquence,

and

and the delicacy of your taſte; qualities by which we hope to get the better of the Enemies of the Commonwealth of Learning, which are cold verſifiers and falſe Criticks, as by the wiſdom of your Lordſhips Counſels, we have humbled the Enemies of the State.

The forementionʼd qualities, which are ſo conſpicuous in your Lordſhip, are ſuch alone as can capacitate a great man to protect good Writers, and which alone can gain him their homage. For that which animates them in their undertakings is, chiefly the thirſt of Glory, and they deſire to be diſtinguiſhed as well as ſupported; and therefore are proud when they can at any time addreſs themſelves to a Judge, who never yet conferrʼd his favours upon one who was undeſerving of them, and the reputation of whoſe Authentick applauſe, may ſerve at once to confirm their Friends, and to convert their Enemies.

That I have at leaſt the Ambition of ſuch Writers, no man can doubt, who ſees me Subſcribe my ſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhipʼs
Moſt humble, and
Moſt devoted Servant,

John Dennis.

Advertiſement to the Reader.

THE following Play was at firſt deſign'd a Farce: But when I conſider'd that the deſign of it, was both juſt and important, as well as it is entirely new, I alter'd my intention, and reſolv'd to make it low Comedy, which it now is, and perhaps the moſt regular of all our Low Comedies. The Action is one and intire, the incidents parts of that Action, and naturally or probably produce one another; and the very laſt is the genuine reſult of the firſt. The Scenes are connected and dependant, each of them upon the following and the preceding, ſo that if you retrench or tranſpoſe but one of them, you deſtroy, or maim, or confound the Action; and they all of them gradually advance that Action, and bring on the Cataſtraphe. At the ſame time I have endeavour'd to reconcile variety to unity, and to make the buſineſs of every act different from the preceding. The Characters are all of them abſolutely neceſſary, and if you take away any one of them, there can be no Action and no Comedy. The unity of Time is exactly obſerv'd. For the time of the Action is preciſely the ſame with that of the repreſentation. That of place is not kept ſo ſtrictly: For upon the account of Novelty, I laid the Scene of the Second Act in the Play-houſe, and the effect has been ſo happy, that I can hardly repent it. Yet, even in relation to unity of place, this is one of the moſt regular of our Comedies. But regularity in a Comedy, ſignifies little without Diverſion. The Reader himſelf is the only judge of the laſt. As for the Spectators, tho, by reaſon of the advanc'd Seaſon, and the extremity of the heat, which when the Play was firſt acted was intolerable, we have not had ſuch numerous aſſemblies as might have been expected in Winter; yet as long as I have known the Play-houſe I never ſaw the Company there in better humour.

PRO

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Joe Hains.

DO you hear? You Prompter! You may ſpare your pains,
The Devil ſhall hearken to you, before Jo Hains.
Whine out your Prologue in your Canting tone,
But tell your Poet I ſhall ſpeak my own.
For, Sirs, the Impudent Author of this day,
Has put my ſacred perſon in his Play,
He fancies too the Picture's like, they ſay.
'Tis true, theſe very Roguiſh Eyes he draws,
And paints this very Snout, and theſe grim Jaws,
But Satans Horny Forehead, and his Claws.
To ſhow me as a Sinner had been civil;
But 'Zounds, he repreſents me like a Devil.
Now, Sirs, to treat me ſtill a ſcurvier way,
This part they've got one Penkethman *to play.*
For that I'd act it crimp they apprehended,
And ſo, as Gad ſhall judge me, I intended.
Yet, who but I ſhould be deſir'd to day,
To recommend this Embrion of a Play!
And thus I praiſe it in the modern way!
For as ſome Demi-gods, which Painters ſhow,
Are Gods above, but very Beaſts below,
So praiſe, which beſt you taſte and underſtand,
Carries a bloody Libel underhand.
This Play, they ſay then, in a little ſpace
Of time was writ, and a damn'd ſcurvy place.
The time Six weeks, the place I have forgot:
Dammee, this Brandy makes a man a ſot.
Were but the Author here, perhaps he'd tell you,
'Twas in ſome Coffee-houſe in Exchange-alley.
A place of late to Epick Muſe well known,
Perhaps that 'twas compos'd in's Coach he'd own,
But that alas poor Devil he has none
For Muſe is ſerv'd by Modern Bard, as Whore
By Modern Beau at Chocolate-houſe door.
Where ſwinging Hack *with ſimpathetick motion,*
Bows to the ſacrificing Sparks Devotion.

Then fecondly, to please both Wife and Fools,
Here, they say, Whimsey's reconcil'd to Rules.
But what wise Woman in the month of May,
Does not prefer the gallant, strong, and gay,
Who ruffles her in wilds, and th' open face of day,
Before the precise Cuckold who confines delight,
To lawful Sheets, and the dull decent night?
As for my own part, Lord, what Drabs I rowze,
Rather than take just pastime with my Spouse.
Now, tho this Play perhaps may show no brains,
Yet spare this Prologue, which was writ by Hains:
Writ? Where? In Coach? No: When got drunk with Sherry,
Among the Putney Pikes, *and wondrous merry,*
In Chelsea *reach, I writ it in a Wherry.*

The PERSONS.

Bull ſ. A Banker; Father to *Bull j.* and Unkle to Mr *Belvil*, and Guardian to *Belv.* and *Sylvia*. Mr. *Dogget*.
Bull j. His Son, just arriv'd from *France*. Mr. *Cibber*.
Belvil, Nephew and Pupil to *Bull ſ.* and in Love with *Sylvia*. Mr. *Harland*.
Baldernoe, A Player in Diſguiſe. Mr. *Penkethman*.
Rumour, A News-monger Mr. *Hains*.
Macfleer, A Bully. Mr. *Lee*.
A very young Beau. Miſs *Alliſon*.
Greg. Servant to *Bull ſ.*
Bruſh, Servant to *Frowzy*.

Sylvia, A young Lady, Ward to *Bull ſ.* and deſign'd for his Son by him, but engag'd to *Belvil*. Mrs. *Rogers*.
Frowzy, A Campaigning Bawd just arriv'd from *Flanders*. Mr. *Bullock*.
Friskit, Her Daughter. Mrs. *Kent*.
Servants, Sham Officers, Fiddlers, Dancing Maſters, *&c.*

Scene Covent Garden.

ACT I. SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Belvil, *and* Baldernoe *diſguis'd.*

Bald. DOes my Diſguiſe become me? Hah!

Belv. Every Diſguiſe becomes thee: Thou haſt a comprehenſive genius for Roguery.

Bald. Nay, I thank my Stars, I have made a ſhift to make my ſelf a ſort of a name.

Belv. An immortal one: Thy merit is ſo extraordinary that Fame cannot do thy actions too much right, and Fortune can do thy deſigns no wrong; but that which is moſt to be valu'd in thee, is, that thou art the only Rogue alive who never pretended to be honeſt; other Raſcals owe their ſucceſs to Virtue. Thou alone haſt a genius to go through thy buſineſs without the help of Hypocriſie.

Bald. No, 'ſbud, I never pretended to Honeſty, I ſet up for Religion once.

Belv. Why ay, there's it; ſo ſudden a ſetting up for Religion in ſo vicious a Dog as thou art, was to renounce Morality by a publick act.

Bald. But, for what reaſon, Mr. *Belvil*, have I *Baldernoe*, by vocation Player, Dancing-maſter, Mountebank and Sollicitor, Pimp, Poet and Fortune-teller; for what reaſon have I quitted all theſe to turn Lacquay to Mr. *Belvil*?

Belv. Why you muſt——But look you, you had need

need be very dexterous and very well assur'd; for you are to pass for an important person upon——

Bald. Very dexterous! and very well assur'd! Ha, ha, ha, look in my face, and give me that counsel! Do you know what this modest Gentleman has done within these three days? 'Sbud I baffled an impudent *Irish* Chancery-man in his own blundering way; I put *Eikon Basilike* out of conceit with himself, and damnably out of countenance; I caldes'd a Judge while he was taking my Depositions, and I banter'd a Bishop while I was asking him blessing.

Belv. Very well!

Bald. And then for passing for an important person; do you know, Sir, that in *France* once I palm'd this Identical person of mine for Quality upon my Friend *Lewis*? Do you know this, han'? And that at *Rome* I topp'd Signior *Giuseppe*, wicked Signior *Giuseppe*, Pagan Signior *Giuseppe*; for a Saint upon old Infallibility. But, what is it I must do for you?

Belv. The Garden in which we are walking, you must know, belongs to my Unkle: You have heard of the famous Mr. *Bull*?

Bald. What, the great Banker, who is every Spring and Fall regularly clapt up for a Plot?

Belv. The same: And who first gave his Brethren the noble example of refusing their own Bills.

Bald. He, who has Collonel *Medley*'s five thousand pounds in his hands?

Belv. Yes, and refuses to pay his old friend, and one of the warmest of his own party, one poor hundred pounds, tho he has all his fortune by him. This Unkle you must know, has not only the right of Guardianship over me, but the disposal of me in Marriage; and if I refuse the Wife that he provides for me, then the one half of my Estate to descend to my younger Brother.

Bald.

Bald. And remain in your Unkle's hands till your Brother comes of Age?

Belv. This Unkle is Guardian at the same time to a Lady whose name is *Sylvia*, who is at present in the house, and is just come to Town by his own order: He has over her much the same advantage which he has over me. But, see, he comes.

Enter Old Bull, *looking on his Watch.*

Bull sen. Let me see! 'Tis now turn'd of four. Oh Nephew, you are punctual: But, hey day! whom have we here?

Belv. 'Tis my new Servant, Sir.

Bull s. Faith and troth I have seen that face somewhere. Zounds! what a Leer was there! In that single cast was the villany of twenty Stock-jobbers.

Bald. I can't help my face Sir; but I was never accus'd of doing any thing against my Conscience.

Bull s. Here's a Rogue! Here's an impudent Dog! Perhaps Sirrah you 'a no Conscience.

Bald. Not so much, I must confess, as your Worship: My Conscience is not so large, but that I can carry it about me.

Bull s. The very modesty of this fellow is impudence.

Bald. But I can hardly be said to want Conscience, because, like your Worship, I am contented with what I have.

Bull s. What horrible Rogue is this? Gadsbud I am amaz'd! Sirrah, I say you do want Conscience.

Belv. Why faith, old Gentleman, if he did want Conscience, 'twere a hard case to despise any single person for poverty, at a time when there is no body rich. You know Conscience at years of discretion is become a notion and nothing else, as very a Chimæra as is a Maidenhead at years of discretion;

they both pass away in contemplation as soon as we come to know what they are.

Bull s. Say you so Sir? A very hopeful young Dog I have to deal with! But come Sir, are you resolv'd to do what I expect you shall do to morrow?

Belv. To morrow Sir! Marry to morrow!

Bull s. To morrow Sir! Marry to morrow! Ay, ay, to morrow, to morrow. Hey day! what a Devis here to do? why pray Sir, who am I? Ay, come Sirrah, I say who am I?

Belv. Who are you Sir?

Bull s. Ay Sir, I say who am I?

Belv. Why don't you know, old Gentleman?

Bull s. It may be not, Sir.

Belv. Faith it may be so too, Sir: For if thou didst but know thy self never so little, thou wouldst never talk at so damn'd a rate. Marry to morrow! why dost thou not know, old Gentleman, that Marriage and Death are two things of which a wise man will consider all his life time? and wou'd you provide me a Matrimonial noose, with as little ceremony as a Grand Signior sends a Bassa a Bow-string? S'death! let me executed at least like an *English*-man; let me have fair warning, time to prepare for another world, to take leave of my friends, and so be truss'd up with decency.

Bull s. Sirrah! hast thou no way to show thou art no Blockhead, but by railing at Matrimony, the vilest Common-place of the most abandon'd Fop that ever set up for a Wit!

Belv. But, pray Sir, what sort of Woman have you provided for me? perhaps I can't love her.

Bull s. Why, you impudent Dog, do you take me for a Pimp? Zounds! not love her, quoth a! why who the Devil, at this time of day, ever so much as thinks

thinks of love, the day that he hears of Matrimony: however, ſhe whom I have provided for you is no Scare-crow, Sir, but one who has Wit and Beauty Sir, and is abſolutely the fineſt bred Gentlewoman in all *Cumberland*.

Belv. Nay, then, ſhe muſt needs be a glorious Creature, and her name is——

Enter Rumour *haſtily.*

Rum. Mr. *Bull*, I have ſomething of importance to impart to you, and muſt deſire your ear immediately.

Bull ſ. With all my heart, old Boy! Little *Rumour* of the world! my dapper Intelligencer! twere a hard caſe, if a man ſhould not have one ear at his ſervice, who has ſo often ventur'd both for his friends. Nephew! I'll be for you immediately. [Bull *and* Rumour *whiſper on one ſide of the Stage.*

Bald. to Belv. S'bud! I ſhall be infallibly diſcover'd; *Rumour* will certainly know me.

Belv. Peace! he does know thee, and is here by my appointment to prepare the way for you. But what do you think of my Unkle? you have now had time to obſerve him.

Bald. What do I think of him? why, before *Rumour* came in, I took him for a whimſical hair-brain'd Coxcomb, but now he is come to his politicks, s'bud he looks very wiſely, and very circumſpectly. And if this is the man I have to deal with, let me tell you, I ſhall have a hard——

Belv. Thou art an Aſs! a man who looks ſometimes very wiſely, is certainly ſometimes a very Coxcomb, and never ſo much a Coxcomb, as when he looks very wiſely; he who is truly wiſe is equal, and appears for the moſt part alike.

Bald. Nay, Mr. *Belvil*, your Unkle is not the only fool of our acquaintance who ſometimes looks grave and wiſe.

Belv.

Belv. No, not by a hundred: a Gown and Gravity frequently diſguiſe a Blockhead. Folly has its Hypocriſie as well as Vice, and it is as common a thing to ſee a Sot grave, as a Villain devout.

Bald. Or a Drab ſqueamiſh.

Belv. As if Wiſdom maliciouſly ſat on his outſide, on purpoſe to inform the world that he is an Aſs within; like a Spy that repairs to the enemies frontiers, purpoſely in order to make diſcoveries, and to convey back Intelligence. For my Unkle, thou ſhalt attack him to chuſe, in the midſt of his gravity and of his politicks, and when he moſt depends on his own ſufficiency, thou ſhalt dextrouſly make that ſelf-conceit an acceſſory in his Trepan.

Bull ſ. aſide. (On the other ſide of the Stage) A pox of this Intelligencer! He ſtinks worſe then *Baldernoe*, my Nephew's Footman. It is not the leaſt inconveniency that attends us, great Stateſmen, that we are forc'd to ſtand buff againſt all the various whiffs that come puffing from our politick Whiſperers: This morning I was attackt by two at once; one whiſpered in my right Ear a *French* invaſion, at the ſame time that the other communicated a *Scotch* Rebellion to my left. The one of which had ſwallow'd Garlick, and the other at that very inſtant, Gadsbud, was chewing Tobacco.

Rum. For godſake what is the matter with you, Mr. *Bull*?

Bull ſ. Horribly attackt with Vapours on the ſudden.

Rum. Once more your Ear, Mr *Bull*.

Bull. Prithee my dapper Intelligencer, ſince we are out of that Rogue my Nephews hearing, ſpeak a little louder.

Rum. We Politicians, Mr. *Bull*, hold that even Walls have ears.

Bull ſ.

Bull. ſ. Gadſooks let them: As long as they have no Tongues, I warrant they keep a ſecret.

Rum. Once more your ear, Mr. *Bull.*

Bull ſ. A pox on thee, take it then. (*They whiſper.*) Already landed! (*In the Ear.*)

Rum. I ſay already landed. (*In the Ear.*)

Bull ſ. Collonel *Macruby*, and Brigadier *Bloody-bones*, and the Counteſs and her Daughter, whom Fame reports ſo beautiful?

Rum. All landed I ſay. (*In the Ear.*)

Bull ſ. And a *French* Marquis come over to be the chief Agent?

Rum. The famous Marquis *De Maſcarille*!

Bull ſ. Oh bleſſed news! oh joyful hearing! Well, for this, my little *Rumour*, we will ſup together to night: for thou, my Bully, getſt thy living like Fame, and art nouriſh'd by Intelligence. But at préſent I muſt deſire thy abſence, for I have buſineſs with my Nephew. *Exit* Rumour.

To Belv. Well Sir; what ſay you to the buſineſs?

Belv. Why, pray who is the buſineſs, Sir?

Bull ſ. Who is the buſineſs, Sir? Why the buſineſs is Juſtice *Dowdy*'s Daughter, Sir.

Belv. S'death! and would you have me link'd to that Northern Monſter?

Bull ſ. Sirrah! by the contempt you ſhow for her, I ſhould ſwear you were already link'd to her, but that I know ſhe is hardly yet come to Town: But I expect her with her Father by eight. And my will and pleaſure is, that you wait upon her as ſoon as ſhe comes, for you are to be marry'd to morrow to her.

Belv. But perhaps my affections are engag'd.

Bull ſ. Yes, to *Sylvia*, we know your engagements Sir: But I charge you ſee her no more till to morrow, when ſhe and my Son *Batt* are to be diſpatch'd by the ſame

ſame Black-coat who is to do your buſineſs.

Belv. Why, he has not been three days in *England* yet, nor ſhe five in Town: She never ſaw him yet, and when ſhe does ſee him, ſhe will certainly laugh at him.

Bull ſ. You are very ſawcy methinks, Sir: But if ſhe thinks him a Fool ſhe'll marry him to chuſe; for a Fool is the fitteſt thing for a Woman.

Belv. The fitteſt? ay, for ſome Women indeed.

Bull ſ. For all, ſirrah, for all: Do we not ſee that they are all fond of Fools? and do you think Nature has not given them affections for what is convenient for them, as well as ſhe has given the reſt of the Animals?

Belv. Was there ever ſuch an old Beaſt? *aſide.* But let me tell you Sir, there is ſuch a thing as a wiſe Woman. And *Sylvia*——

Bull. ſ. But let me tell you, Sir, a wiſe Woman is ſtill a Woman. We ſee by experience, that a wiſe Woman, will chuſe a fellow indeed that has ſenſe for her Parlour, but a Fool, you Dog, for her Bed-chamber.

Belv. Then it is not their folly, it ſeems, that makes Women fond of Fools?

Bull. ſ. Their folly; no, 'tis their prudence Sir, and the genius which they have for buſineſs. Much contemplation hinders buſineſs Sirrah, and they know it well. Why ſhould nature, that can as eaſily make a wiſe man as a fool, make a hundred fools for one wiſe man, if ſhe did not know the fools to be moſt proper for the carrying on her grand deſign?

Belv. Nay, at this rate indeed your Son——

Bull ſ. I tell you Sirrah, when *Sylvia* ſees *Batt* ſhe'll like him; for *Batt* s a luſty Dog, let me tell you; a confounded fellow on occaſion! Gadsbud, if he is not, he is no *Bull*, Sirrah! Gadsbud if he is not, he is

a

a Baſtard on both ſides. His Mother was a Hummer in her time, and the Jade would kick between ſleeping and waking, like an unback'd Filly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, one from Collonel *Medley* would ſpeak with you

Bull ſ. Sirrah, conduct him in.

Belv. (*Aſide.*) am glad this Bully is come, for my patience is quite at an end. I ſuppoſe Sir (to *Bull. ſ.*) I may be gone.

Bull. ſ Sirrah, I tell you you muſt not, I have not done with you yet.

Enter Macfleer.

Macf. Sir, the importance of my buſineſs will excuſe my want of ceremony. Collonel *Medley* ſends you this with his ſervice.

[*While* Bull ſ. *opens the Letter*, Belvil *retires with* Baldernoe *to the other ſide of the Stage.*

Bald. Sbud! The very Bully that was with the Collonel and us at the *Roſe* but now. Is the part that I taught him there, to be acted here?

Belv. It is: In the mean while ſtep into the houſe, and deliver this as dexterouſly as you can to *Sylvia.*

Ex. Bald.

Bull. ſ. (*Reads the Letter.*) *Some perſons come lately from* France, *are juſt arrived in Town; I deſire that you would provide Lodgings only for to night, at your own Houſe, for a* French *Marquis, an* Engliſh *Counteſs and her Daughter: For with you I am confident they may be ſafe. You muſt not refuſe me this, if you love me or the Cauſe. The Bearer of this is one of their Company, and though at preſent ſomewhat rough, is a man of Merit and has ſuffered. He will conduct you to me, where I deſire to ſpeak with you inſtantly.*

Bull ſ. (*After having read the Letter*) Gadſooks, Sir, you are welcom, and I am proud to embrace a man that has ſuffered.

Macf. Faith Sir, I have both done and ſuffered, My name is *Macfleer*: I had formerly the honour to be Captain General of all the Rapparees in *Ireland*; where in cutting above five thouſand Throats, I received above fifty Wounds; beſides that, I was twice hang'd in the Woods of *Tiperary*, but reliev'd both times by our own party, and cut down in the nick.

Bull. ſ. Twice hang'd, Sir!

Macf. Twice, Sir.

Bull. ſ. Gadsbud, Sir, I honour you. Five thouſand Throats cut! (*aſide*) and twice hang'd! Well! This is in our modern *Engliſh*, a perfect honeſt man. How do all your friends abroad, Sir?

Macf. Faith, luſty all; and longing to be with you. Hark you! Your Ear, Mr. *Bull.* (*whiſpers*)

Bull. ſ. All embark'd ſay you? Forty thouſand!

Macf. Before I came away I tell you, and only expecting— (*whiſpers again*!)

Bull. ſ. Gadſooks, I will be very drunk to night.

Macf. The next news you are to expect is, that your Ships are burnt in their Harbours, your Towns conſum'd to aſhes.

Bull. ſ. La Lol, Dera, Lol Dera. (*Capers.*)

Macf. Then will you behold this City flowing with human gore, your Virgins raviſhed, your Matrons violated, and your Widows —— well diverted. But time calls upon us, and the Collonel ſtays.

Bull. ſ. Sir, take but one turn, and I le be with you in a moment. I have but two words with an Idle Raſcal here. (*Macfleer walks.*)

Belv. Well! Come, Sir, to the Premiſſes, what ſay you to the Juſtices Daughter.

Belv.

Belv. What do I ſay, Sir? why, that you are a fine facetious old Gentleman, and rally very agreeably.

Enter Baldernoe.

Bull ſ. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Here's a Rogue! Here's a Villain! A fine facetious old Gentleman and rally very agreeably! Why, thou young Dog, art thou reſolved to bring my grey Hairs with ſorrow to the Grave! Have I liv'd to a good old Age without infamy, and muſt I be dubb'd a Wit at threeſcore! The firſt of the Family of the *Bulls* that ever incurr'd that ignomy. The *Bulls* have been always grave——

Bald. Blockheads. (*aſide*)

Bull. ſ. And politick——

Bald. Raſcals. (*aſide*)

Bull. ſ. But no Wits, Sirrah. 'Tis well known that I am ſo far from a Wit, that a Songſter who frequents *Will's* Coffee Houſe, threatned to bring an Action of ſcandal againſt me for commending his Madrigals. But, come to the point: Will you comply with me or not? or are you reſolved to be an Aſs?

Belv. I ſhall be no Aſs, Sir, for I ſhan't marry. Could you in Conſcience marry me to one whom I contemn and deteſt?

Bull ſ. Humph! Could I in conſcience? There I muſt confeſs thou haſt touch'd me, Nephew. For the univerſal World I would not do a thing againſt Conſcience. Marry one whom I contemn and deteſt! Humph! Other people contemn and deteſt after Marriage; but here's a Rogue deteſts and contemns before Marriage. Why, tis but deteſting and contemning a month before the uſual time, and for that very reaſon thou ſhalt have her, old Boy, that thou mayſt not be tax'd with inconſtancy. Well, remember what I have ſaid to you, and think of your Fathers laſt Will, and tremble, Sirrah. But come, *Teddy*, thou

wilt be a good Boy. Go, get you gone and furbiſh, you little young Dog: But hold, take a little advice with you firſt; He who is in purſuit of a Country Lady, muſt do as if he were ſtalking for Wild Fowl, hide the Man behind the Beaſt; for the more Fool there appears, the leſs ſhy will your Game be. Come, *(To Macfleer)* Now, Sir, I am for you.

Exeunt Bull ſ. *and* Macfleer.

Bald. Well, Mr. *Belvil*, did the Bully manage his tackle tightly?

Belv. Rarely! and the old Jack greedily ſtruck at the Bait.

Bald. 'Sbud! But that any thing like this, ſhould paſs upon one who has common ſenſe! If we Players ſhould ſhow any thing like this on the Stage, it would be certainly damn'd as improbable.

Belv. Not by thoſe who had Judgment to weigh it: For is not this ſeen every day in the world? Are not more diſcerning people than my Unkle drawn daily into the groſſeſt ſnares upon the like occaſions? The ſhowing which would therefore be juſt and inſtructive Satyr upon Mankind in general, and would plainly ſhow us how the cleareſt ſighted are blinded by affection; how eaſily we believe what we eagerly deſire; and what a conſtant Cully reaſon is to Paſſion; whereas the expoſing the credulity of an errant Aſs could never ſhew us any thing. Beſides, I have taken ſo many precautions, that every part of this deſign is the likelieſt in the world to ſucceed. There are ſome Gentlemen of my Unkle's party, in whom he perfectly confides. Men indeed of worth and honour, who were formerly my intimate friends, and from whom humanity has oblig'd me ſince not wholly to withdraw my ſelf. Collonel *Med'ey*, who is the chief of them, and the *primum mobile* of this whole affair, has

has been cheated of five thouſand pounds by my Unkle, which is almoſt all his fortune, and which we pretend to retrieve by the ſucceſs of our Stratagem, and you know common intereſt to be the powerful uniter of all parties. The reſt of thoſe Gentlemen I have engag'd in my deſign, by remonſtrating to them the villany of my Unkle's intentions, and the innocence of my own, and by the hopes of diverſion. The Gentlemen and my Money together have ſecur'd ſome Raſcals who perpetually haunt my Unkle; and all his Servants have embarkt on the ſame bottom; ſo that we are ſafe on all ſides: but have you been with my Miſtreſs?

Bald. I have.

Bel. And what ſays the Chaming Creature?

Bald. Rapture! S'bud a certain ſign that theſe two have hitherto done nothing but talk'd together.

Belv. And will ſhe meet me at the Play?

Bald. She ſays ſhe will not: For her Guardian has commanded her not to come into your company, and therefore ſhe thinks it her duty to tell you, that ſhe intends to ſit in the Stage-Box on the Right hand, that you may be ſure to avoid that place.

Belv. A very odd way of making an Aſſignation! But come, let's away to the Play-houſe: I have promis'd to meet *Frowzy* at the Curtain before the Play begins; for ſhe is to act the Counteſs that comes from *St. Germain's*, and *Friskit* is to play her Daughter.

Bald. Frowzy? How long has the Bawd been in *England*?

Belv. She is juſt come piping hot from *Flanders*, and deſigns this night to appear at the Curtain in triumph.

Bald. In Triumph!

Belv. Yes, they ſay ſhe ſwears ſhe alone has made the

the Confederates an over-match for the *French*, that she plots propagation for more places than they contrive destruction, and that she alone by her wise Counsels repairs the ruins of the War.

Bald. The raillery is something strong, I long to see the Bawd.

Belv. Faith, to give the Jade her due, she was very well worth the seeing, before she went out of *England*: She did not as most Bawds do, like a Novel, consist of Intreague alone; but, like a Comedy, besides design, had wit, folly, and humour in her; was officious, discerning, subtle, impertinent, whimsical, fond of her condition, and proud of infamy. This she was, but Campaigning must still have improv'd her Character, and she will now come forth a Farce reviv'd with additions.

Bald. Buo, Mr. *Devil*, where is the famous Marquis *de Mescrille*? who is to play him?

Belv. Who? who the Devil but thou? Thou who could'st tom a Count upon *Lewis* the Fourteenth, must very well impose a Marquis on my Unkle.

Bald. Slife! he'll know me again.

Belv. I have contriv'd a disguise that will hide thee even from thy own evil genius. Besides, we shall take such care of him, and give him so many allarms to night, that he shall neither have time nor power to make much observation.

Bald. Hah! Say you so? Then pray, Sir, know whom you are before. *Vous done, Chapeau, bas, Venez Morbleu vite, & faites une Reuerence a Monsieur Le Marquis.* So, now let's away to *Frowzy*, who, as I can perceive, wants nothing to make her compleat in her Calling, but my knack of Fortune-telling. For, as my Brother *Butler* says,

One predicting Imp has the odds,
Of whole Chaldrons of downright Bawds.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE *The Playhouſe.*

Frowzy, Friskit, Bruſh, appear at the Curtain.

Frowzy. DAughter *Friskit*!

Frisk. Mother!

Frowz. Is Mr. *Belvil* come?

Frisk. He has ſent word that he'll be here immediately. You heave and puff ſtrangely, Mother: How do you find your ſelf?

Frowz. Almoſt bowzy, by this light, Daughter. Prethee contemplate my Phiz a little: Hath it not a damnable hue with it? I warrant it is as comically hideous, as that old Hatchet-fac'd Beau's, who ſtands grinning in the Front-Box over my Lady what d'e call her?

Frisk. And appears like the Dragon that was guardian to the Golden Fruit. But why ſhould you come hither in this woful condition, Mother? Gemini, in what a heat you are? Jeſu, how you are tumbled!

Frowz. Ay, ſo are you too, Daughter: No matter, the more like women of buſineſs. *Bruſh*!

Bruſh. Madam!

Frowz. Where's the Delight of my Soul? Where's my Gallant in ordinary?

Bruſh Here, Madam! A Brandy-bottle (*aſide*) is the *Vade Mecum* of a travelling Bawd.

Frowz. (*to the Bottle*) My life! my joy! my darling ſin, as *Medley* ſays, let me kiſs thee.

Frisk.

Frisk. S'heart, Mother! For ſhame ſtep into the Scene room.

Frowz. For ſhame! Yes, I am a very baſhful perſon indeed: Modeſt *Su Frowzy*! what a rare Monſter would ſhe be? But let Sinners be aſham'd, I am Virtuous, Daughter.

Frisk. Vertuous!

Frowz. Vertuous! Ay, Vertuous. For pray who boaſts of receiving the laſt favour from me? Now, let Ladies do what they will beſides, let them cenſure and rail, and diſſemble and cheat, nay, and drink their four Bottles a day, if they do not grant the laſt favour, they are Vertuous. Nay, I know a Gentlewoman at Court my ſelf, who becauſe ſhe does not Cuckold her Husband, thinks ſhe has a priviledge to beat him: Formerly indeed I was one of the wicked, for I gave my Husband his choice, whether he would have me a chaſte, repining, obſtreperous Turtle, or a ſilent, dutiful, humble Jilt; and the good man choſe Cuckoldom and Quiet. In troth, he was a very good man, Daughter! He was wont to ſay, that the Wife who upbraided her Husband with her Chaſtity, implied that ſhe cornuted her Monſter in Spirit abundantly.

Frisk. Right, Mother: For ſhe did not Cuckold him actually, becauſe ſhe had no mind to Cuckold him, where a Devil lay the obligation to her?

Frowz. So that, as I was ſaying, Daughter, my good wretch choſe Cuckoldom and Quiet; one for the happineſs of this world, and the other for that of the next. And thus I was formerly one of the wicked: But for theſe fifteen years laſt paſt, I have taken off my Bottle, and been Vertuous. But thou art mighty ignorant in Spiritual affairs, Child. So taken up about Carnal matters. *Bruſh!*

Bruſh.

Bruſh. Madam!

Frowz. Go to the *Roſe*, and ſee if you can hear of Mr. *Belvil*: He knows I have a calling to look after, and that I am oblig'd in Conſcience to mind it. Well, Daughter, is it not more comfortable being here than in a Camp?

Friſk. Ay, Mother, here we are in expectation of no Battels, but thoſe which the Players fight on the Stage.

Frowz. Or thoſe which the Bullies act in the Pit. But hold! Let me examine a little: Thou haſt not ſtudied faces for nothing, *Su Frowzy.* Lord! what a numerous herd of Cullies is here! I have not ſeen ſo comfortable a proſpect the Lord knows the time! Daughter, Daughter! I'gad you'll do your buſineſs well here! If I had but thy Youth, Child, I would lay a Tax of five hundred a year upon yonder limbo of Vanity. (*Pointing to the Side-Box.*)

Friſk. If you were but to talk with the Door-keeper, he'd quickly aſſure you that you'd find the Fund deficient.

One from the Side-Box. Look yonder is *Frowzy* arriv'd piping hot from *Flanders.*

Another from the other Side-Box. Frowzy upon my Life! Was there ever ſuch an impudent Bawd!

Frowz. Impudent Bawd! Doſt thou hear that foul-mouth'd Rogue, Daughter? Well, great Vertues have been always perſecuted, and rare Talents have been always envied. But does that ſenſeleſs Puppy know what extraordinary qualities are requir'd to compleat what he is pleas'd to ſtyle Bawd? What Parts? What Education? What Diſcipline? What Obſervation? What?——Oh a thouſand things more than I can think of at preſent!

Friſk. And 'tis very well known, Mother, that you

have all the qualifications which can accompliſh the moſt Reverend Matron.

Frowz. Nay faith, all that know me, do me the honour to ſay, that for our profeſſion there is not a greater perſon living than my ſelf. Yes, faith, all that know me———

Frisk. And that is All *Europe*.

Frowz. Do me the honour ———

Frisk. The Juſtice you mean, Mother.

Frowz. To aſſert this: And that there is not a woman breathing who has a larger capacity for the Calling.

Frisk. All the world allows it.

Frowz. Nor a greater genius.

Frisk. 'Tis the voice of Fame, Mother.

Frowz. And that my Education has been as liberal. Faith and troth I was brought up at the Univerſity, Daughter; went through a courſe of natural experimental Philoſophy there, perform'd my publick exerciſe with applauſe, and when I came to be of compleat ſtanding, paſt the examination of ſeveral Maſters, and regularly took my Degree. After that I came to be publick profeſſor of the Mathematicks in that place.

Frisk. But with this preferment, how came you to change your ſtation, Mother?

Frowz. You muſt know, that my Fame encreaſing with my Virtues, and both growing too large for that narrow Sphere, it was unanimouſly voted, in full Congregation, that I ſhould be convey'd from thence, to the great City at the publick expence, for the publick benefit. Oh! your moſt humble Servant, my Lord! Your humble Servant, Sir *Arthur*! Noble Collonel I am yours. (*Bowing to ſeveral in the Pit.*)

Enter

Enter Belvik.

Frowz. Bleſs my Eyes! What do I ſee! Ah Godſon you raviſh me.

Belv. Well! You are welcome into *England* Mother: I hope you have made your Markets in *Flanders* well.

Frowz. My Markets, Son! I wonder you ſhould talk at that rate: You know I act for Glory. And truly, I hope I have behav'd my ſelf ſo, that he who writes the Hiſtory of this War, will mention *Su Frowz* with honour. Ah Son, that you had been but an eye witneſs of my actions! To ſee the rare diſcipline that I obſerv'd among them. I have done wonders among them, my Boy! I have made the *German* active, the *Spaniard* humble, and the *Dutch man* lean and liberal. Ha, ha, ha: There was an old *Dutch* Captain, who when he firſt came into my hands, was a lubberly, wheezing, unweildy wight, that was fit neither for a Charge nor a Retreat: But by that time I had had him three months, he became a pretty, ſlender, nimble, Mercurial fellow; and at the Battel of *Landen*, as Gad ſhall ſave me, ran away at the head of his Company.

Belv. But, hark you Mother, I have a word of buſineſs with you.

Frowz. Haſt thou ſo my boy, and Faith I'll do it effectually for thee If ſhe's in the Playhouſe, give me but thy Billet and the Orange-Wench ſhall deliver it immediately to her.

Belv. Indeed that buſineſs you have often done for me, but this is of another nature.

Frowz. Let it be what it will it muſt be done before 8 of the clock; for then I am to meet ſome Stateſmen upon a politick conference, and to morrow I return for *Flanders*.

Belv. How! I was in hopes we ſhould have had you till *June.*

Frowz. Jeſu! Why the Army will be in the Field within theſe three weeks.

Belv. And cannot they lye there without you, Mother.

Frowz. Yes, I'd have you to know I ſeldom lye in the Camp, but in the next wall'd Town, ſtill like the Great Ladies of *France*, to provide for the neceſſities for the Army. But *France* is the place Son, where Merit is regarded. Some of them now are Miniſters of State, I am but poor *Sue Frowzy*. Yet, I, gad, as ſimple as I ſtand here, in one of the former Reigns, I was a Cabinet Councellor.

Belv. But Mother ——

Frowz. Right Child! Since I am to return ſo ſuddainly, you would ask me why I came over? Why for Recruits Child. The Forces that I rais'd laſt Spring are ſome of them dead in the ſervice, others wounded, but harraſs'd, damnably harraſs'd all.

Belv. Death and the Devil! This Jade's impertinence will quite ruin my buſineſs! Mrs. *Frowzy*! Look, there is your retaining Fee. I muſt have a word apart with you immediately.

Frowz. Humph! Five Guineas! I have not had ſo much theſe two Campaigns from a Major General Son my Soul is yours. *Belv. and Frowz. talk apart.*

Friſk. Am I grown old or ugly that I ſtand unattack'd here? or am I neglected as an unfortify'd place, that lies open to all invaders? I'll e.en put on my Mask, and try what that will do. That will atract ſome Fop or other. For an Owl loves not the face of night ſo much as a fool is fond of a Vizor.

Enter a very young Beau.

Hey day! What Stripling comes here? This is one of

of thoſe young wou'd-be-Sinners, whom we may call wicked Platonicks, and who make leud love without deſire.

Beau. Demmee, Madam.

Friſk. What? Before you are capable of being a Sinner! All in good time ſweet Sir, The Devil does not care for theſe Tit Bits; he's for a more ſubſtantial morſel, a morſel that may be felt in the going down: And truly he and I are much of a mind. But come, for what have you a mind to be damn'd, young Sir!

Beau. For you, withal my heart, my Dear. Come, ſhall you and I go aſide and divert one another?

Friſk. Why, I can laugh at you here, and that is all the diverſion that thou canſt give me poor little Animal!

Beau. Nay, but this is ſpeaking without Book. Come, come, come and ſee.

Friſk. No, I'd have you to know, I am a little too old for a Puppet-ſhow. No, Sir, no, I am for none of your diverſion.

Beau. S'death, if you are not for diverſion, will you do buſineſs?

Friſk. Buſineſs! What a Boy and talk of Buſineſs? No, no, youngſter, you are not grown up to Buſineſs yet.

Beau. What a Devil can this be; She talks too well for a common Punk, and too leudly for a woman of Honour. Ten to one ſome Actreſs who is rehearſing her part to me. Adieu Jilt! *Exit.*

Friſk. The moſt effectual way of Jilting thee, were to grant thy requeſt

Belv. to Frowz. Nay, no reply, you know the time preſſes, and *Baldernoe* expects you. But be ſure you remember the Letter.

Frowz. I warrant you. Daughter, come along Child

Exeunt Frowz. and Friſk.

Enter

Enter Sylvia in the Stage Box.

Belv. But *Sylvia* comes adorn'd with every Grace,
And Love and Death sit sporting in her Eyes.

Sylvia. And for what weighty reason, Mr. *Belvil*, have you drawn me hither?

Belv. To expose my Rival to you.

Sylvia. A very frank confession! You are jealous then?

Belv. I should be very unworthy if I should be jealous after the engaging assurance which you gave me this morning. When you see my Rival, you will be convinc'd that I am not jealous.

Sylvia. Why am I then come hither?

Belv. That the full knowledge of the Husband which my Unkle designs for you, may give you the juster excuse for refusing him.

Sylv. But can your Unkle dare to use his authority in such an arbitrary manner, as to oblige me to take for a Husband to morrow, a man whom I never saw?

Sylv. My Unkle has several reasons for this precipitation: But this is not the meanest of them, that the longer you know his Son, the more nauseous you'll find him.

Syl. But since this Gentleman is to be shown in the Playhouse, pray do what is done in our Comedies, and let me know something of the character, before I see the person.

Belv. Why, then for his parts, Madam, Nature has been a very niggard to him: She has made him a poor Dog, but he is contented, and so far he may be said to be rich.

Sylv. Nay, this you have spoken in his commendation: For content, where murmuring will not mend the matter, denotes a man of Judgment.

Belv. True, Madam: But, like some old Philoso-

phers,

phers, he is not only contented in his poverty, he is proud in it: Like a Stoick, at the time that he is ſcandalouſly neceſſitous, he affirms that himſelf is only rich. An humble Fool is one of Gods creatures, and conſequently very good: Ignorance and ſtupidity are Nature's follies, and Nature is always lovely: But affectation is a Coxcomb's own.

Sylv. Nay, we have certainly reaſon to bear with your downright Fool, for native folly is a neceſſary foyl, and ſerves to ſet off the Brillant of Wit, but affectation is falſe and counterfeits it, to cheat us of our good opinions.

Belv. Right, Madam: He who courts our applauſe by affecting Wit, is a cheating Beggar, who asks Alms with a falſe Certificate; and every pretending aſpiring Fop is a Knave as well as a Fool. In ſhort, this is ſo vain a Coxcomb, that he would be contented to feel himſelf miſerable, that others might imagine him happy; and would be ſatisfy'd to be a Sot in his own judgment, that he might paſs for a Wit in the opinions of other people.

Sylv. But have a care, are only Fools vain, very vain, Mr. *Belvil*?

Belv. Yes, a man of ſenſe may be puff'd up ſometimes, becauſe he cannot always reflect; but a conceited Fool is eternally vain, becauſe he is never thoughtful.

Sylv. Then Vanity, like Wine, it ſeems, works moſt violently upon the weakeſt brains?

Belv. It does; and Vanity makes the Sot as conceited of his fancy'd capacity, as Wine made the Beggar proud of his imaginary quality. (*aſide.*) But, upon my life here comes my Couſin, and a Letter in his hand, which *Frowzy* and *Friskit* have ſent him by my appointment. But that this Lady muſt not know.

Enter

Enter Bull junior.

Couſin, your humble Servant. (*To Bull jun.*)

Bull jun. Damme, how doſt thou do, *Ned*?

Sylv. aſide. Well, a Fop and a Monkey are the moſt familiar of Gods Creatures.

Belv. Do you ſtay the Play out?

Bull jun. Doſt thou know, *Ned*, that I am juſt now come out of *France*?

Belv. And what of that?

Bull j. And what can you ſee in my face to perſwade you, that I, who come from *Moliere* and *Racine*, ſhould ſtay out one of your damn'd fooliſh things here?

Belv. Why have we nothing but fooliſh things then?

Bell jun. No Sir, if my Judgment may be taken; and I hope my Judgment may be taken for a fooliſh thing as ſoon as another mans.

Belv. No doubt on't.

Bull j. As I was juſt coming into the door, I met 3 or 4 Wits going out: They were all of them down to the ground immediately to me: Your moſt humble Servant, ſweet Mr. *Bull.* And thus I return'd the ſalute: *Jack* how doſt thou do? *Will*, I am heartily glad to ſee thee. Rot me *Tom*, thou lookſt execrably to day. *Ned*, I always treat people *De haut en bas*, who have not a great deal of money.

Belv. What if they have merit?

Bull j. Merit without Money! Thou talkſt like a *Bantamite* or a *Chineſe*, let me periſh; and not like an inhabitant of this ſide of the Globe. There is an air of greatneſs in Tutaying men. *Ned*, man *Ned* Thou behav'ſt thy ſelf ſo gentily to all ſorts of people, that let me die if I am not aſham'd of thee.

Belv.

Belv. Nay, I muſt confeſs thou doſt treat moſt people with a ſurprizing familiarity.

Bull jun. That is, *Ned*, becauſe for moſt people I have a very hearty contempt.

Belv. And ſo have all who have thy noble accompliſhments. For (*aſide*) a man of ſenſe may hug himſelf as long as he pleaſes, with the thought of his contemning a Fop: a Fop is ſure to be even with him; nay, and to have the advantage of him. For a great underſtanding only qualifies a man for the contemning thoſe who have leſs. Nor always indeed for that, ſince it often makes him diffide in himſelf; but ignorance and vanity undoubtedly qualifie him for the contempt of all who are above him too.

Bull. jun. On what the Devil art thou muſing man? As I was ſaying, *Ned*, thou knoweſt that I am lately come out of *France*.

Belv. Very good.

Bull jun. Thou art very perfect I know in the *French* Tongue.

Belv Oh God, Sir, you rally me.

Bull jun. Non, que Le Diable m' emporte. And thou haſt a very pretty ſtile in *Engliſh*. Now I have thought of a buſineſs that may get thee ſome reputation.

Belv. As how, pray?

Bull jun. Why, I have brought over with me about a buſhel of Billet Doux, which I receiv'd from the Wives, and Siſters, and Daughters of Dukes and Peers of *France*, and which I would have thee tranſlate for the benefit of our *Engliſh* Ladies.

Belv. I am the moſt unqualify'd man in the world for ſuch an employment.

Bull jun. The moſt qualify'd man in the Univerſe, let me periſh for it, our Language ſtands in want

of theſe things. You will find in them, to a miracle, Le galant, Le Doux, Le Tendre, Le Delicat & le bien tourné.

Belv. Is that one of them in your hands?

Bull jun. No, that is a Letter which I have juſt receiv'd from a Dutcheſs.

Belv. May I read it?

Bull jun. You may. (*Belv. Reads.*)

Your Merit has engag'd a Woman of the firſt Quality to wiſh you well. Be at the Playhouſe before the Play begins; you ſhall either hear of me there, or elſe at the Chocolate-houſe immediately after the Play is begun: but be ſure you be diſcreet, for the leaſt vanity will ruin both.

Belv. Pſhew! Pox ſhe does not know thee, or ſhe would never have given thee that caution. 'Tis now (*aſide*) high time to ſnub this Puppy.

Bull jun. There is not a man in *England* who is more ſhock'd at vanity than my ſelf.

Belv. Or who loves a vain Coxcomb more.

Bull jun I don't underſtand you.

Belv. Of all loves, ſelf-love is the blindeſt.

Bull jun. Tho perhaps if I had a mind to be vain.

Belv. Nature has given thee as good grounds to be ſo, as ſhe has done any man breathing.

Bull jun. Right.

Belv. For ſhe has made thee as great a Coxcomb.

Bull. jun. Humph!

Sylv. (*aſide.*) What can Mr *Belvil* mean by all this? This Coxcomb can never be ſo odiouſly baſe as to bear it. Heavens! How I tremble.

Bull jun I would deſpiſe another man for this, but thee I pity, *Ned.*

Belv. This Billet, I'll lay my life, comes from ſome Drab who has heard what a Fop thou art, and who by neceſſity is reduc'd to abandon her ſelf to thee, which

which is enough ev'n in this leud Age, to brand Fornication with Infamy.

Bull jun. A Drab who is reduc'd you ſay? Prithee let's hear that again.

Belv. Yes, reduc'd ev'n to flatter thee, which is ſtill a more vile and a more abominable proſtitution.

Bull jun. (*aſide.*) By the Lord, this Kinſman of mine is a diſmal Dog, a very woful Monſter, if a man durſt but tell him ſo. But tho this fellow has the jaws of an Aſs, yet, a pox on him, he has the Hoofs of a Stone-horſe, and can kick upon occaſion unmercifully: Look you, *Ned*, ſome people would decently cut your Throat about this buſineſs. But——

Belv. Your dare not, it ſeems.

Bull jun. I will only tell thee, that the Lady from whom this Letter comes, is juſt as great a Drab as I am a Fop, and I am juſt as great a Fop as ſhe is a Drab: Ha, ha, ha. And ſo adieu.

Belv. Nay, Faith you ſhan't go.

Bull jun. Faith but I muſt, *Ned*: For look you, the Fop at preſent is buſie, nay, very buſie. For the Drab, do you ſee, has ſent the Fop an aſſignation, and the Fop is reſolved to be punctual. Ha, ha, ha.

Sylv. This is wonderful. (*aſide*)

Belv. But can you reſolve to go to a Whore to night, when you know you are to be marry'd to morrow?

Bull j. Ay, to chuſe, *Ned*, and for a very good reaſon.

Belv. Name it.

Bull j. That I might not be tempted to do ſo damn'd an unfaſhionable thing as to be immoderate with my own Spouſe to morrow night.

Belv. Have you ſeen *Sylvia*?

Bull j. No.

Belv. How do you know whether you ſhall like her?

Bull jun. I never concern my ſelf about that: For who would trouble himſelf about marrying one whom he likes, in an age in which every well bred man profeſſes the hating his Wife? Has ſhe all her Teeth, two Eyes, and a Noſe?

Belv. Yes ſure.

Bull j. Rot me, I had a live ſhe had not: For nothing can make a woman ſo abominable as wedlock, and all Wives are hideous alike. For my part, of all things in the world, I would chuſe to marry the woman I hated moſt.

Belv. The Devil thou wouldſt?

Bull j. Let me periſh, *Ned*, but I would: for whom a man hates he would be glad to avoid, and people marry now adays on purpoſe to live aſunder.

Sylvia aſide. And is this fellow deſign'd for me! If there were only him and my ſelf in the world, the race of men ſhould periſh.

Belv. Mr *Bull*, if *Sylvia* were here now?

Bull j. Faith if ſhe had been here, it had been all one.

Belv. Faith I believe thee.

Bull j. Well, *Ned*, adieu. *Exit* Bull jun.

Belv. So, Madam! How do you like Mr. *Bull*?

Sylv. Infinitely. There may be men in the world who have greater underſtandings, but he is extreamly handſom.

Belv. Nay, now I am ſure you diſſemble, for it is the hardeſt thing in the world, for a Woman who finds that a man wants Wit, to find that he is extreamly handſom.

Sylv. You did not hear me ſay that he wanted wit: for my part I think that he is very brisk.

Belv.

Belv. And at the ſame time very melancholly.

Sylv. I don't know what you may think, but I am ſure a great part of what he ſaid would paſs for Wit with others.

Belv. Yes, and make him paſs for a Fool with them.

Syl. How! Wit make him paſs for a Fool with them? I thought people had paſs'd for Fools for want of Wit.

Belv. No, Madam, 'tis for want of Judgment.

Syl. And do you think to make your Court to a Woman by ſaying this?

Belv. Yes, to a Woman who can deſpiſe the little follies of her Sex, as much as ſhe deteſts their Vices. But, Madam, you are ſenſible of the choice to which you are reduc'd, if you will not accept of me to night, you muſt ee n take my Rival to morrow.

Syl. You draw ſtrange conſequences.

Belv. You know, that by the indiſcretion of your Father, your Guardian has the ſame advantage over you that he has over me.

Syl. You know him to be utterly averſe to your deſire.

Belv. But if within theſe two hours I obtain his con ſent, will you promiſe to give me yours.

Syl. Upon that condition I may promiſe any thing, and run no riſque of performance. But I muſt think of removing: For ſo long a converſation in ſo publick a place, has drawn all the Eyes of the Playhouſe on us.

Belv. Then you ſhall give me leave to wait upon you to your Chair.

Syl. You may ſpare your ſelf the trouble, for I have brought my Gentlemen Uſher with me. Your Servant. *Exit* Sylvia.

Belv.

Belv. Madam, your moſt humble ſervant. Well! Thus far I have only expos'd my Couſin, but that is not ſufficient, he muſt ſmart too. My Unkle's ill uſage has been intollerable. His years, and the relation which I have to him, reſtrain me from revenging that uſage upon himſelf immediately. No I will puniſh it in his ridiculous Off-ſpring, and viſit the exorbitant ſins of the Father, upon that extraordinary Rogue the Son. Since I have depriv'd him of the Wife deſign'd for him, I will put very fair for the providing another for him. In *Friskit* I have made a proper choice for him. For ſo extravagant a Drab and ſo extraordinary a Fop are tallies to one another; ſo ſurprizing a match may be very inſtructive, and ſhow the ridiculous vanity of ſome Coxcombs who are now in my Eye; for they are but copies of this original, and the concluſion of all their boaſted intreagues is the ſame.

Thoſe plagues of the fair Sex, of ours the ſcum,
Got doubly drunk with Vanity and Stum,
Their high-born Miſtreſſes in Brimmers toaſt,
And to their friends their falſe good fortunes boaſt;
But the Wine drunk, and the vain frolick o're,
Departing, reel to ſome abandon'd Whore:
And with her fancying Quality, and Charms,
Enjoy fair Dutcheſs in a Bulkers arms.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE *Old* Bull's *houſe.*

Frowzy, Friskit, Bruſh, Gregory.

Frowz. MR. *Bull* not at home ſay you? Nay then—

Greg. Nay, I beſeech your Ladyſhip: My Maſter ſent word but now that a little unexpected buſineſs detains him, but that in leſs than an hour he'll wait upon you. In the mean time he commanded me to tell you, that the Houſe is your Ladyſhip's. A Gentleman is in the Garden, who deſires to know if he may wait upon you.

Frowz. His name?

Greg. Mr. *Dorant.* At leaſt (*aſide*) he commanded me to tell her ſo. But what ſhould oblige the Fop to change *Bull* for *Dorant*, I muſt confeſs is above my apprehenſion. But that which is more ſtrange is, that Mr. *Belvil* gave us notice before-hand that young Mr. *Bull* would tell this lye, and oblig'd us all to confirm it. But Mr. *Belvil* is ſo honeſt, ſo worthy, ſo liberal a Gentleman, that we have all engag'd to run through fire and water for him. Will your Ladyſhip ſend any anſwer to him?

Frowz. Tell him, that I'll but diſpoſe of ſome things and ſend to him. [*Exit Greg.*] Do you remember, Daughter, that I told you that this Mr. *Dorant* is youug Mr. *Bull*?

Frisk, Mother, I do remember it.

Frowz. That Mr. *Belvil* told us, that *Dorant* was his

non-

nom de guerre in *France*, where the fool was asham'd of his own?

Frisk. I remember that too.

Frowz. And that it was agreed by Mr. *Belvil* and me, that at my first meeting Mr. *Bull* at the Chocolate house, I should salute him by the name of *Dorant*, as by a name that was very well known in *France* to me?

Frisk. Nothing of this has slipt from me.

Frowz. For that it would be necessary to make him go by an *alias*, because it would be necessary to make him pass for a person of Quality. You remember this too?

Frisk. Perfectly.

Frowz. And you have not forgot the reason of it?

Frisk. The reason is, that his going by a wrong name, and his passing for a person of quality, would help us to conceal this design from the Father.

Frowz. Right Child! or if he came to discover it, would oblige him to be assistant in the carrying it on against his Son and himself.

Frisk. And the Servants of the house you say you are secure of?

Frowz. Mr *Belvil*, who has oblig'd them all along by the goodness of his humour, and by the mildness of his carriage towards them, has destributed fifty pounds among them this very morning.

Frisk. Nay, that will corrupt any Family now a-days.

Frowz. Daughter, have you the rest of your instructions perfect?

Frisk. Mother, you give your self a vain trouble.

Frowz. Then, *Brush*, go tell the young Gentleman that I should be glad to see him; and, by the way, Sirrah, be sure you behave your self as I have commanded you.

Frisk.

Frisk. If you ſhould be deceiv'd now in your expectation, Mother, and this Fop ſhould not liſten before he comes in.

Frowz. Never fear that. But are you ſure, Daughter, that you can act a fit of the Mother well?

Frisk. Ay, and top my part too, Mother.

Frowz. Well ſaid! But have a care of over-topping it, Child, as I have ſeen a young buxom VVidow do at the Grave of a rich impotent Husband, and by that means make a Farce of a Funeral. But, as I live he comes?

Bull jun. *and* Bruſh *at the door.*

Bull jun. Talking of him who is to marry the young Lady, do you ſay?

Bruſh. Ay, Sir, and earneſtly.

Bull jun. Wilt thou do me the favour to go and ſee for my man? In the mean time I ſhall make bold to liſten. *(aſide.)*

Frisk. And has your Ladyſhip ſeen the dear man, do you ſay?

Frowz. Lord! That I muſt tell my ſtory twenty times over! I tell you I ſaw him at the Chocolate-houſe, while you was with Mr. *Bull* at the Collonels.

Frisk. And is he not alter'd a jot, ſince we ſaw him at *Paris*? How does he look?

Frowz. Raviſhingly. Nay, I gad, Child, I can't blame thee in the leaſt. 'Tis a moſt delightful figure. *Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!*

Bull jun. A judicious perſon, let me periſh.

Frisk. Nay, every one eſteems him a prodigy. But I hope your Ladyſhip gave him no occaſion to ſay any thing of me.

Frowz. Why, what if I did?

Frisk. What if you did? Jeſu!

Frowz. Nay, look you, *Peggy*, don't be in a paſſion

you have not heard me ſay that I told him; but ſuppoſing I had.

Friſk. Why then, that dear Creature would utterly deſpiſe me for my weakneſs.

Frowz. What, deſpiſe thirty thouſand pound? why you don't take him for a fool, *Peggy*?

Friſk. No, but I take him for a Wit tho. A Wit always hates and rails againſt marriage. A Wit won't be a Slave for all the money in the world.

Frowz. But if a Wit will not, an *Engliſh man* will; as we who come from *France* know by ſome very good tokens. Thirty thouſand pound, *Peggy*! Shew me one *Engliſhman* in forty, that will not ſell himſelf and all his poſterity, for a tenth part of the ſumm. Beſides, Mr *Dorant*'s a Courtier, a true thorough-pac'd Courtier, and conſequently for half thirty thouſand pound would marry me, ev'n me, tho I had twice my age, four times my fat, and not half my vertue.

Bullfinch. This old Lady ſhews a great underſtanding of the world. (*apart.*)

Friſk. And then your Ladyſhip has told him all?

Frowz. Nay, look you, as I ſaid before, don't be in a paſſion, *Peggy*: We ſhall have you play the fool and have one of your fits. Could I ſee you dye for Mr *Dorant*, as the young Marchioneſs did at *Verſailles*, without letting him know it?

Bullfinch. This is news: I warrant I have done a plaguy deal of miſchief in my time, more than I know of. (*apart*)

Friſk. Are you ſure he is a man of quality?

Frowz. Yes, yes, he ſays he is Son to Viſcount *Dorant*, otherwiſe thou ſhouldſt ſooner have dy'd than have marry'd him.

Friſk. And ſo I would: for I had rather the Devil ſhould have me than a little fellow.

Frowz.

Frowz. He'll be here in a quarter of an hour, and then ——

Frisk. Why, has your Ladiſhip been ſo barbarous as to tell him my Lodgings? I won't ſee him.

Frowz. I ſhould laugh at that?

Frisk. How does your Ladyſhip think I can look a man in the face ——

Frowz. Nay look you, *Peggy*, you had beſt play the fool an loſe your love —— For

Frisk. Eh! Gad I am ſick.

Frowz. He tells me that he has an old Father, who deſigns to marry him to morrow to a rich beautiful Heireſs

Frisk. Eh— (*ſhrieks and ſeems to be fainting*)

Frowz. Ah, Lord! What have I done? Why Daughter!

Frisk. Stand off, I can hardly fetch my breath; Heav'ns how my heart pants?

Frowz. Nay, *Peggy* ——

Frisk. And my Head ſhoots ——

Frowz. Nay, dear, *Peggy* ——

Frisk. And my Back opens and ſhuts ——

(*Counterfeits a fit.*)

Frowz. Ah, Lord, I have kill'd my Child, I have murthered my dear Child. Help, help.

Enter Bull jun *and two* Maids.

Maid. For Heav'ns ſake, Madam, what is the matter?

Frowz. Ah, my dear Child's dead.

2*d Maid.* Oh, Heavens help. Quickly let's have her to Bed and Chafe her.

Frowz. I vow Sweet-heart thou ſpeak'ſt well. Have her to bed, and get her ſoundly rubb'd ——

1*ſt Maid.* And then if ſhe ſhews no ſign of life—

Frowz. In troth she's dead with a vengeance.
(*They carry her off.*)

Bull jun. (*to Frowzy.*) Madam, your most humble Servant?

Frowz. Ah, Gad, Sir, is this a time to answer Complements.

Bull jun. Madam, the Devil take me, I am heartily sorry.

Frowz. Sorry! Quoth a, what would you be if you knew the occasion?

Bull jun. Madam, I know every thing, for I overheard all.

Frowz. Did you so? That was well contriv'd, and handsomely done. Well, Sir, I must go look after my dear Child, if you stay I'll be with you as soon as I possibly can. *Exit.*

Bull j. Well! The Devil take me, all this is very surprizing: I am sometimes almost in doubt, whether this be a dream, or real. Hold! let me see! [*Pulls out his Pocket-Glass, and looks in it*] A dream! No, thou dear, damn'd, doubting dog, 'tis real. Well, *Batt*! though thou hast always past for *un homme a bonnes fortunes*, yet is this the finest of all thy *Belles avantures*. But now, to push it *Cavalierement*, when first I saw the Countess at the Chocolate-house, I was very glad to find that she and her Daughter, by Collonel *Medley*'s recommendation, were lodg'd here at my Fathers: Because, that shews that what they pretend to to be they really are, Women of fortune and quality, (but of that what hapned just now would convince an Infidel.) Yet, when I found that this old Lady was as passionate an admirer of quality as I am my self, and that she was resolved to have a Peer for her Son-in-law; why then I wish'd them fairly remov'd to another place. I told the Countess that my name

name was *Dorant*, Son to Viſcount *Dorant*, for Viſcount *Bull* would have ſounded helliſhly. Beſides, it would have made a diſcovery, for ſhe knew me by my other name in *France*. I have ordered the Servants here to confirm my lye, which they have undertaken to do. The Lady is deſperately in love with me, that is certain: if I can ſecure her before my Father ſees me, all is well, otherwiſe all is ruin'd; for he will infallibly uſe me like a Dog, and ſo diſcover me to be the ſpawn of a Citt. But ſee the Counteſs.

Enter Frowzy.

Pray, Madam, how does the young Lady?

Frowz. How does ſhe do. Well! I vow, I found her in a lamentable pickle, ſtretching her ſelf out, and heaving and graſping for life: but chafing her and rubbing her, has fetcht her again.

Bull jun. Madam, I beg leave to wait upon her.

Frowz. As Gad ſhall ſave me, not for the world, Sir, the bare mention of ſuch a thing had like to have thrown her into a ſecond fit: She ſwears ſhe'll dye a thouſand times, rather than look a man in the face, who knows that ſhe has been ſo weak as to love him before ſhe was ſure of his heart.

Bull jun. She gives her ſelf a vain trouble, let me periſh. For, may I paſs for the errantſt Coxcomb in nature, if I were not the firſt in love of the two. The firſt time I had the happineſs to be near her was in Carnival time, in a certain place where I had a fancy to appear in diſguiſe; and where I fell deſperately in love with her. It was a fortnight after that; that ſhe firſt caſt her Eye upon me as I was walking in the Tuilleries.

Frowz. Lord! To ſee how good Wits will jump! I ventur'd to tell her ſomething like this to appeaſe her but ſhe ſaid that was not ſufficient to to juſtifie her

For

For when my weakneſs comes to be divulg'd, ſays ſhe, people who have a mind to be cenſorious will ſay, ſuppoſing he did love her firſt, how could ſhe know that, when he had never ſpoke to her?

Bull jun. Never ſpoke to her?

Frowz. Nay, they'll ſay, continued my Daughter, that ſuppoſing ſhe could have known that he lov'd her, without hearing him ſpeak, how could ſhe tell but that he was a fool? For in troth, Mr *Dorrant*, a fools face may do as much execution as yours. Now, ſhe who can love a fool, ſays my Daughter, muſt certainly be little better. Is it then for Mr *Dorrant*'s credit or mine, to have it ſaid that the Conqueſt of me is owing to his Eyes alone? If it were known that he had made love to me, people would attribute that Conqueſt to the force of beauty and wit in conjunction.

Bull jun. Gad, ſhe's in the right of it.

Frowz. And then the effect woud be as excuſable in me, as the cauſe would be glorious in him.

Bull jun. Pardieu (*aſide*) voilá une fille qui a del eſprit! But, Madam, has my Lady *Margaret* forgot me ſo far as to affirm that I never ſpoke to her.

Frowz. Indeed I think ſo, I can't be poſitive: but I am confident ſhe ſays you never had any converſation with her in private.

Bull jun. Why, there's it, Madam, but in publick places I have convers'd a hundred times with her. In the Tuilleries, at *Luxemburg*, at the Palais Royal, at the Gobelins. But love made publickly at *Paris*, paſſes for gallantry.

Frowz. But ſince you were in love with my Daughter, how chance you never came home to our Lodgings, whether all the people of quality, both *Engliſh* and *French* reſorted?

Bull jun.

Bull jun. Lord, Madam, I waited upon your Daughter twice, and immediately after that, I received Commands to return for *England.*

Frowz. I vow 'tis a ſad thing to grow old, Mr *Dorimant.* I had perfectly forgot this: In what part of the Town did we lodge then, for we had 3 Lodgings at *Paris*?

Bull jun. 'Twas, Madam in the very laſt lodging that you took; which was in——let me ſee——Rot me, I am a Dunce to night. For the Blood of me I cannot think of the name of it: What does your Ladyſhip call the Street?

Frowz. (*aſide*) I have gone too far with this fool, and am at a nonplus; for I have travell'd no further than the Camp nor do I know the name of any one Street in *Paris.* Why, the Street was call'd——But it was a naſty Lodging, and a filthy place. Foh! I abominate the very name of it.

Bull jun. Nay, then I have it. Oh! You lodg'd in the Fauxbourg, Madam.

Frowz. It was indeed in the Fauxbourg.

Bull jun. In the Fauxbourg St *Germain.*

Frowz. (*mimicking him*) In the Fauxbourg *St. Germain.*

Bull jun. In the *Butcher row.*

Frowz. In the *Butcher row.* Ha, ha, ha.

Bull jun. (*aſide.*) Rot me, I am afraid I have not hit right. But all the *Engliſh* that ever I knew at *Paris*, lodg'd in the *Butcher-row.*

Frowz. (*mimicking*) The *Butcher-row* is a moſt whimſical place, let me periſh, for a woman of pleaſure to lodge in. Ha, ha, ha. But my, *Peggy* has ſuch odd fancies, as would make a body dye with Laughing. Ha, ha, ha.

Bull jun.

Bull jun. Oh all, Madam, all the *Engliſh* lodge there. Before they go over, they are terrify'd with the report of the ſcarcity of Fleſh at *Paris*, and therefore as ſoon as they come there, to make ſure of Beef, they entrench themſelves in the *Butcher row*.

Frowz. So that my Daughter and I, to make ſure of Beef, entrench'd our ſelves in the *Butcher-row*. Rot me (*aſide and mimicking*) if this is not a great Wit and a very gallant Perſon! Look you, Sir, the caſe is this: My Daughter is in a dangerous condition; ſhe's deſperately in love with you. For that face, that air, and that mien of yours, have done deviliſh execution upon her.

Bull jun. Rot me, your Ladyſhip rallies your humble Servant.

Frowz. No, as Gad ſhall ſave me, Sir, who but a Sot would pretend to rally you, Sir? But as I was ſaying, my Daughter loves you, and you aſſure me that you love my Daughter.

Bull jun. Ouy: Dieu me damme, Je l'adore.

Frowz. Gallantly declared, as Gad ſhall ſave me, and you made this *French* Declaration in *France* to her?

Bull jun. An hundred times, Madam; Witneſs it, O ye Flowry Beds of the Tuilleries, and ye Sandy Walks of *Luxemburg*!

Frowz. (*aſide.*) This fellow is at laſt come to a proper ſtyle for fiction.

Bull jun. Nay, Madam; I made too an *Engliſh* Declaration in *France* to her. Hey! Boy! *Enter Boy.* Sing me the Song that I gave you yeſterday.

Song by Tho. Cheek, *Eſq;*

When Cloe, *I your Charms ſurvey,*
My wandring Sences run away.
My trembling Heart goes pit a pat,
Can you not gueſs what I d le at. *Some-*

Sometimes in gentle Sighs I move
The Air with ſafteſt Breeze of Love.
Sometimes like Gun of largeſt Bore,
I vent my Sighs with diſmal Roar:
Diſorder'd, know not what I do,
And all, my Dear, for Love of you.

Frowz. Very pretty, as I hope to breathe. And you are ready to own this in *England* for her reputation and your honour. For you may aſſure your ſelf, that no one will believe that you could frequent any one perſon of quality, without converſing with us, becauſe we frequented them all.

Bull jun. Nay, look you, Madam, as for the young Lady's Honour, I am ready to marry her immediately, and then then her honour is mine.

Frowz. Well ſaid! That is ſpoken like a man of of honour: as for your Eſtate?

Bull jun. Of that you ſhall be ſatisfy'd when you pleaſe. But (*aſide*) I hope to ſecure your Daughter firſt.

Frowz. Hang an Eſtate; my Daughter has enough to make you both happy, and I can augment her fortune conſiderably out of my own Joynture, which is ſufficiently known. In ſhort, my dear Child's Life is in danger, and I value her Life above a thouſand Eſtates: But I'd have you to know I value her Honour a thouſand times more than her Life. And as Gad ſhall ſave me, I had as live ſee her follow the Camp, as married to a vulgar perſon. Sir, I beg your pardon, but I muſt be ſatisfy'd that you are a man of quality.

Bull jun. Madam, as I told you at the Chocolate-houſe, my Father is the moſt conſiderable Viſcount in *England*.

Frowz. Viſcount *Dorant*! In troth a very pretty ſounding buſineſs! But this is a Viſcount that I never heard of. You don't know the Gentleman who owns the Houſe, for I muſt conſult with him, and muſt be govern'd by him.

Bull jun. Madam, I told you at the Chocolate-houſe, that he is my Enemy, and that I deſired not to be ſeen by him; And I beſeech your Ladyſhip, that you would refer this buſineſs to ſome other perſon.

Frowz. I have promis'd that you ſhall not be ſeen by him, and what I have promis'd I will perform. But, in troth, I am ſorry ſuch a man as he is your Enemy, for in troth he is a very worthy perſon.

Bull jun. Why, faith, Madam, the man is what they call an honeſt man, and that is all; but a ſtrange humourſom, obſtinate, old ſcoundrel, and a paultry Cit, the Devil take me, to boot.

Frowz. But, Sir, how comes a man of your quality, ſo familiar with a Cit, as to quarrel with him?

Bull jun. Why, you muſt know, Madam, he has a Son who is a very pretty Gentleman, and one for whom I have a greater kindneſs than I have for any one, excepting your Daughter: And I have wonder'd a hundred times how ſo very a Bear as the Father, could get ſo witty, ſo gallant a perſon as the Son. I ſuppoſe he had help, and ſome interloping Courtier ſlyly came in for his ſhacks. And yet the Monſter his Father uſes him like a Dog, for which I hate him, and for which I have ſworn not to come near him, when I can at any time avoid him.

Enter Bruſh *running.*

Bruſh. (*apart to Frowz.*) Madam, Madam, Mr *Bellvil* gives you notice, that the old man will be here immediately, and deſires that you would be prepar'd to receive him. He bids me tell you that Collonel *Medley* has half fox'd him.

Frowz.

Frowz. Gad's my life, how unlucky's this! Well, and *Balderroe*?

Brush. Bald. ſends word that he'll be behind him but a quarter of an hour at the fartheſt. He ſent word by the Meſſenger that the Engines are ready, and all things prepar'd for a general aſſault.

Frowz. Very good! Sir, Sir, (*to Bull j.*) the enemy approaches, and you had beſt in time make good your retreat. If you have a mind to wait upon my Daughter, here's one ſhall conduct you. I'll follow you in a moment, and ſee what I can do for you.

Bull j. Madam, you oblige me eternally. [*Exeunt* Bull j. *and* Bruſh.

Frowz. In troth, *Suky*, this is hard fortune, to be bilk'd of thy Bubble when thou hadſt taken ſo much pains in the working him up. If the old man had ſtaid but a quarter of an hour longer, in all likelihood *Friskit* had been coupled; and the Fop had been ſped. If any thing ſhould retard the old fellow, this bleſſed match ſhall go on. But in taking all this pains with the Son, I have laid in for the deceiving the Father too: for if he diſcovers the Sons deſign, the Fop will infallibly boaſt of his acquaintance in *France* with us, and the conſequence of that cannot but be to our advantage. But if there is any likelihood of ſuch a diſcovery, I muſt prevent it, and muſt diſcover firſt; make the old fellow a falſe and a half confidence; and concealing the name of his Son, communicate the reſt of the affair as a ſecret to him, upon which I ſhall beg his advice; make him acquainted with my falſe fears, and my pretended jealouſies; inform him of the attempts which are made upon my Daughter, but at the ſame time conceal the temptations and the encouragements which I induſtriouſly give underhand to them.

Thus will I cheat him, as the marry'd Jilt
From the ſuſpecting Cuckold hides her guilt:
Firſt ſhe the Gallants lewd deſign reveals,
Then to the ſecret Aſſignation ſteals.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Table and Chairs. Bull ſen. Frowzy, Gregory.

Bull ſ. MAdam, 'tis the very beſt in the three Kingdoms. Here, Sirrah, take the Key of my Cloſet, and bring the two quart Bottle of Brandy to the Counteſs. I wonder his Lordſhip is not come yet.

Frowzy. I expect him every moment: He ſent word that he would come in the duſk, and come myſtically. Indeed all that he does is done in the duſk, and myſtically. Oh 'tis a very myſterious perſon!

Bull ſ. Nay, Gadſooks, they all ſay he is a great perſon, and has more out of the way Politicks than any man in the three Kingdoms.

Frowz Oh! quite another ſort of a thing from your clumſy awkward *Britiſh* Politician: He has often a whole Intrigue in one ſingle grimace, and his jeſts and his frolicks are all of them maſter-pieces of State.

Enter Greg. *with the Brandy.*

Bull ſ. I long to ſee him. Sirrah, fill a Glaſs. Madam, my hearty ſervice to you. Come, a Health to the young Lady.

Frowz.

Frowz. Ay, poor Creature, ſhe wants it.

Bull ſ. Faith and troth I am ſorry to hear ſhe's ſo ill. Sirrah, fill to her Ladyſhip.

Frowz. Mr. *Bull*, on the other ſide of the water this liquor is grown mightily in uſe among women of my quality. Do they uſe it here?

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, Madam, they drink nothing elſe; formerly, ſaving your Ladyſhips preſence, only Bawds drank Brandy, but now the poor Jades can't go to the price of it; and as ſome great Ladies have taken their trade out of their hands, they have taken their liquor.

Frowz. But did the Coll. acquaint you, ſay you, with the misfortune which my Daughter met with in *France*?

Bull ſ. He told me ſhe was deeply in love with a Gentleman, who left her in the height of her paſſion, and came for *England*. Does your Ladyſhip mind the Colour of that Brandy?

Frowz. A lovely Complexion indeed!

Bull ſ. And the young Lady ſaw the very perſon as ſhe was coming to my houſe?

Frowz. Ay, juſt at the corner of *Bow-ſtreet*.

Bull ſ. And the ſight renew'd her diſorder?

Frowz. To both our ſorrows, God knows.

(*She ſmells to the Glaſs.*

Bull ſ. How does your Ladyſhip like the flavour?

Frowz. A moſt alluring flavour, in truth. Come, Sir, my Daughters Health to you. (*Drinks.*) Upon my honour this is right *Nantz*: I warrant this coſts you ten and eight pence a Gallon at leaſt. At the laſt Conference that I had abroad for the publick benefit, there was ſome quantity of it drunk; ſince I have taſted nothing like it. As Gad ſhall judge me, this is a treaſure.

Bull ſ. Your Ladyſhip is a true and niee Judge.

Frowz.

Frowz. Nay, tho I ſay it, for Politicks ———

Bull ſ. And Brandy ———

Frowz. There is no woman alive comes near me. But ſtill I forget my dear Child. Oh Lord! Mr. *Bull*, I mightily want your advice. At leaſt I would have him think ſo (*aſide.*) For, as Mr. *Belvil* ſays, people never believe we are ſo ſincere as when we flatter them moſt.

Bull ſ. Why, look you Madam, if the Lady's condition is ſo deſperate, the Gentleman muſt be told that ſhe loves him.

Frowz. Ah God, Sir, he knew it in *France.*

Bull ſ. And did not love her again?

Frowz. Oh! Doted on her.

Bull ſ. What, and left her?

Frowz. The old whimſical Fop his Father would have it ſo.

Bull ſ. Then it is his Eſtate concerning which you have a mind to be ſatisfy'd. Your Ladyſhip has reaſon: For your Daughter has thirty thouſand pound. Bleſs me, what a Fortune there is! And your Ladyſhip can encreaſe it conſiderably out of your own Joynture. which I know to be three thouſand a year.

Frowz. And pray Sir who gave you this information?

Bull ſ. Tho I never had the honour to ſee your Ladyſhip nor your Daughter before, yet I am acquaint with the circumſtances of every conſiderable perſon in the Kingdom. It is partly my Trade, Madam.

Frowz. Then the Gentleman about whom I enquire--

Bull ſ. Tell me but his name, and I'll tell you his Eſtate immediately.

Frowz. I make no enquiry after his Eſtate. Shall I ſtand upon a little dirt, when my dear Childs life is at ſtake? The thing that I want to be ſatisfy'd of, is whe-

whether he is a perſon of quality: For I'll ſee her dye a thouſand times rather than ſhe ſhall marry a filthy little fellow.

Bull ſ. Could your Ladyſhip be ſo cruel as to ſee her die rather?

Frowz. To ſee her die! Ay, to ſee her damn'd rather.

Bull ſ. Oh Lord! oh Lord! damn'd.

Frowz. Ay, damn'd. I mean in an honourable way, Mr. *Bull*, and as a woman of quality ſhould be damn'd.

Bull ſ. How does your Ladyſhip call the Gentleman?

Frowz. Mr. *Dorant*.

Bull ſ. Mr. *Dorant*?

Frowz. Ay, Mr. *Dorant*, Son to Viſcount *Dorant*.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, I never heard either of the name or the title.

Frowz. That's ſtrange, he ſays he knows you very well; and has lately had a quarrel with you, for your ſeverity againſt your Son.

Bull ſ. Pray, Madam, where is he to be found?

Frowz. Here in your Houſe.

Bull ſ. In my houſe?

Frowz. Ay, he is at preſent with my Daughter.

Bull ſ. With your Ladyſhips leave, I'll go talk with him immediately.

Frowz. Sir, by no means he has ſworn not to ſee you, by reaſon of the foreſaid quarrel, and I have promis'd him that he ſhould not.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, Madam, your Ladyſhip is abus'd. This is ſome Rogue, ſome Cheat, ſome Fortune-hunter.

Frowz. It is impoſſible, he does not look like any ſuch man.

Bull ſ. Madam, thoſe vermin ſwarm, and multiply as faſt in this itching Age, as Rats do at Sea in a Ship laden with Salt.

Enter

Enter Bull Jun.

Bull jun. This damn'd Father of mine won't be gone, and the time preſſes. If I can ſteal out while his back's turn'd, the young Lady has promis'd to follow.

Frowz. (*ſpying Bull jun.*) So *Friskit* has follow'd my inſtructions and ſent him out, for he behaves himſelf ſo extravagantly, that he would certainly diſcover himſelf, and therefore I reſolved to diſcover him firſt. Mr *Dorrant*, your Servant.

Bull ſ. (*turning about*) Bleſs my Eyes! What do I ſee! Gadsbud I am giddy, my head turns round. Madam, is this the Gentleman?

Frowz. The Gentleman! Why don't you know him then?

Bull ſ. Oh extremely well! Mr *Dorant*! Sweet Sir your moſt humble Servant. (*In a rallying tone.*)

Bull j. (*aſide*) I am diſcover'd. Impudence aſſiſt me. Honeſt *Bull*! How doſt thou do? *Stairing him in the face, and ſhaking him by the hand.*

Bull ſ. (*aſide*) Oh horrible inſolence! oh prodigy of impudence!

Frowz. (*aſide*) I am ſure it is none of my buſineſs to be at this eclairciſſement Well, Gentlemen! Now I have ſeen you together, I'll go ſee how my dear Child does. *Exit.*

Bull ſ. So! God be thanked. Now I can let my fury fly. Sirrah! Rogue! Dogbolt, tho I bear ſomething like this from my Nephew, who is ſuch a Heathen as to make a jeſt of paſſive Obedience, ſhall I ſee my own Fleſh riſe in rebellion againſt me in my old age?

Bull j. But, Sir! Hear me a little.

Bull ſ. I will hear nothing, you Rogue! To ſhew my Arbitrary power, I will execute firſt, and examine afterwards. (*beats him*)

Bull j. But, Sir, Sir, Sir. *Bull*

Bull ſ. Here's to decide the quarrel between us, you Rogue! And here's for the affront you put upon *Sylvia*.

Bull j. Sylvia? Rot me, I never ſaw her.

Bull ſ. Sirrah, you lye! She ſays ſhe will ſooner eſpouſe Infamy than you; and that an old paralytick bedrid Beggar is a Prince to you. Then, Sirrah, here's for your talking inſolently to your Father. And here's for your going like a Rogue by an *alias*. Mr *Dorant*, you Son of a Whore?

Bull j. If I am a Son of a Whore, pray from whence do you take the priviledge of uſing me thus? and if I am a Son of a Whore, Gad, I don't know but *Dorant* may be likelier to be my true name than *Bull*.

Bull ſ. Oh Rogue! Rogue! (*Lifts up his ſtick again*)

Bull j. Look you Sir, will you fairly hear me three words? If not, I ſhall fairly take up my heels and be gone.

Bull ſ. Speak, Sirrah!

Bull j. Why then do you know that the young Lady who lies in your houſe to night, has taken a fancy to this Son of a Whore's perſon?

Bull ſ. Which, I muſt confeſs, (*aſide.*) I am amaz'd at. And therefore, Sirrah, you are aſham'd of your Father and your Family?

Bull j. My Family? Why you aſſure me that I have reaſon enough to be aſham'd of my Mother, who is one part of my family, and as for my Father, till I know who he is, Rot me, I don't know whether I have reaſon to be aſham'd of him or no.

Bull ſ. Here's a profligate villain! (*lifts up his ſtick.*)

Bull j. Sir, Sir, one word more. Do you know that the old Counteſs has as great paſſion for quality, as her Daughter has for this Son of a Whore?

Bull ſ. Humph!

Bull j. And is *Bull* a fit name for a Viſcount's Son?

Bull ſ. Well, I am a Cholorick old Coxcomb that is certain.

Bull jun. Look you, I had an opportunity of making you and my ſelf. What I undertook was chiefly for your ſake, but now I leave you to repent at leiſure. (*offers to go*)

Bull ſ. Why, *Batt*!

Bull j. He bien!

Bull ſ. Nay, good *Batt*!

Bull j. Vous plait il queque choſe avce moy?

Bull ſ. Now is this Rogue calling me names. (*aſide*) Nay, dear *Batt*!

Bull j. Juſe a revoir (*offering to go ſtill*)

Bull ſ. Nay, dear *Batt*. Tell me but one thing. Didſt thou know this young Lady at *Paris*?

Bull j. A pretty queſtion! The Counteſs will reſolve you. He bien! Serviteur.

Bull ſ. Nay, but *Batt*, why wilt thou be ſo obſtinate?

Bull j. To prove my ſelf legitimate.

Bull ſ. *Batt*! here are fifty Guineas for thee and retrieve this buſineſs.

Bull j. Well, for once! But S life, here comes the Counteſs. Come, come, off with your hat quickly, and ſhew the reſpect that is due to a perſon of my quality.

Enter Frowzy.

Frowz. I ſuppoſe by this time they may have conſented to have carried this cheat on againſt themſelves. So, Gentlemen, is the old difference like to be reconciled?

Bell j. We are juſt upon the point, Madam. And you confeſs then (*to his Father*) that you are a teſty peturbant old fool?

Bull

Bull ſ. I have been to blame in troth; was there ever ſuch a Dog?

Bull. And that you have us'd your Son like a Beaſt?

Bull ſ. Something too roughly!

Bull j. And you promiſe amendment?

Bull ſ. If he behaves himſelf for the future as you give me hopes.

Bull j. Well! Put on your hat, put on your hat: Thou art a ſad old ſcouudrel, but for this once I receive you to mercy.

Bull ſ. (*aſide*) Oh Rogue! Abominable Rogue! but I ſhall find a time.

Enter Friskit *with her Hoods and Scarfs.*

Frowz. Bleſs me! Whither is the Girl going?

Bull ſ. Madam, your moſt humble Servant. (*ſalutes her*)

Frowz. Whither away I ſay?

Friskit. Madam, I am going to take, Ha, ha, ha.

Frowz. To take what?

Frisk Only the air a little. Ha, ha, ha.

Frowz. It ſeems you are mightily tickled.

Frisk I ſhall be, Madam, before I ſleep. Ha, ha, ha.

Bull j. Madam, I wait upon you. *Ex. Bull j. Frisk.*

Frowz. Jeſu! Was there ever ſuch a fond fool?

Bull ſ. Nature, Madam, Nature!

Frowz. I thought, Sir, you had not know this Gentleman.

Bull ſ. Why, Faith, Madam, the pronuncing his name the *French* way, caus'd my miſtake.

Frowz. Well! I vow he's a fine perſon. Don't you think ſo?

Bull ſ. Why, truly, Madam, I think ſo, and my Son thinks ſo.

Frowz. At *Paris*, every body thought ſo.

Bull ſ. But here ſome ridiculous Rogues, ſwear he is come over a meer Fop.

Frowz. Envy and averſion to different cuſtoms! Ever while you live obſerve, that your Fop at *London*, is at *Paris* your fine Gentleman: But do you know the young Gentlemans Father?

Bull ſ. What! My deareſt friend? For tho the Viſcount be my ſuperiour quatenas Viſcount, yet, in all things elſe, he does me the honour to eſteem himſelf my equal. Faith and troth, Madam, there are few friendſhips like ours. I eſteem no body throughly but him. And tis thought, and perhaps with ſome juſtice, that he loves no body cordially beſides my ſelf.

Frowz. Will you be ſo kind as to break this buſineſs to him?

Bull ſ Madam I will. I'll go down to his Seat in *Northamptonſhire*, where I ſhall certainly find him, and about a month hence I'll give your Ladyſhip an account.

Frowz. Jeſu! Mr *Bull*, I muſt be in *France* long before that time.

Bull ſ. And your Ladyſhip has a mind to ſee this buſineſs diſpatched before you go?

Frowz. Do you think I would leave my dear Child in Convulſions?

Bull ſ. You are not over ſollicitous you ſay, concerning the Jointure?

Frowz. Not a jot.

Bull ſ. Why then, e'en let the young people take their courſe.

Frowz. What will the Father ſay to that?

Bull ſ. Say? He'll think the alliance an honour to him.

Frowz. Will you anſwer for that.

Bull. I think I know him and I can govern him, I'll anſwer for it.

Frowz. Why then, as you ſay, e'en let the young people take their courſe.

A great knocking is heard at the Door.

Bull ſ. Hey day! Who ſhould knock ſo imperiouſly Some body has miſtaken my houſe for my Neighbour *Midnight* the Midwifes: Four or five times a week that happens to me, and my ſleep like a Pandars is diſturb'd for other Folks letchery. *Enter* Greg.

Greg. Sir, Sir, there are at the Gate half a ſcore——

Bull ſ. What, Sirrah?

Greg. Why, Sir, ſurly, ſnarling, ſowre look'd fellows.

Bull ſ. Who are they?

Greg. Why, at firſt, Sir, I thought they had been the club of ugly faces that is kept yonder in the City, and that they were come hither in a body to give your Worſhip an invitation.

Bull ſ Sirrah, I ſhall trepan your skull in good time But what would theſe fellows have?

Greg. They come to look for a *French* Marquis who they ſay is newly come over.

Bull j. Ha!

Greg. And beſides, Sir?

Bull ſ. What beſides, Sir?

Greg. Some Officers are ſearching Squire *Grumbleton*'s houſe, by an order of Council, and threaten to be here immediately.

Bull ſ. Take that for your news, you Raſcal. Do you hear that, Madam? Half a ſcore ill-look'd Rogues come to look for my Lord Marquis! And Officers juſt now coming to ſearch my houſe? I muſt tell your Ladyſhip I don't like this: No, not a jot. This ſmells of Hemp, ſtrongly, gadsbud, ſtrongly.

Frowz. Lord! That I muſt tell you things twenty times over. Why, he comes myſtically, Mr *Bull*, myſtically, and where-ever they ſee him, theyll

they'll leaſt of all think of finding him. But heark, what noiſe is that.

Enter Baldernoe, *in a Chair, Singing and whimſically dreſt. Three or four Fiddles, before, and five or ſix perſons dancing by the ſides: He gets out of the Chair.*

Bald. Chairmen! Take away your Shair preſaunt; and Violons, attaund in de Anti-chambre.

Frowz. Monſieur Le Marquis?

Bald. My dear a Counteſs!

Frowz. How over joy'd I am to ſee you again!

Bald. Queſe ſuis Ravi de vous trouver ici.

Bald. (*Who had been all this while holding up his Hands and his Eyes, and marching up and down like one amaz'd.*) And is this he who is come over to be the chief manager of the Plot? Is this the great Politician? Bleſs us! What will become of me? Is this the great Politician? I'll e'en try to ſlip my Neck out of the Collar, while it is time, and to ſave my ſelf, we'll very fairly hang up the Marquis and the Counteſs. *As he is going*

Bald. Meiſtre *Bull*! Have you a forgot a me?

Bull ſ. Forgot you! No gadsbud, I hant forgot you, for I never ſaw you before.

Bald. Ha Meeſtre *Bull* You have too muſh of de jugment to have de memoire. Me vas formerly here vid *Barillon*, and have receiv'd many good lettre de change of you Meeſtre *Bull*, and have had de ver muſh frolick vid de money. De *Francois* have de ver great paſſion for de frolick, Meeſtre *Bull*. But me ver glad to ſee you Meeſtre *Bull*, ver glad to ſee you.

Bull ſ. I am ſorry to ſee you with all my heart.

Bald. Jernie! Dat be de veritable, dam *Engliſh* civility.

Bull ſ. Why, gadsbud, I ſhall ſee your Lordſhip hang'd. Here are Politicks for the Devil? We ſhall be

be infallibly found out. Did ever Politician appear in ſuch an Equipage?

Bald. Ver well! Begad! Ver well! vee had de *Angliſh* Civility before. Now we have de veritable *Angliſh* Politick: Becauſe never Politick did appear in ſuch an Equipage, derefore vee ſall be infallibly found out. Morbleau, derefore vee ſall infallibly not be found out.

Bull ſ. I tell your Lordſhip we ſhall be all hang'd. The Officers are juſt now a coming to ſearch the houſe. Look you, my Lord, I am downright, I am dunſtable, Gadsbud, and muſt ſpeak the truth. Did ever any man in a Conſpiracy behave himſelf at your rate? Who the Devil would take you to be a Plotter?

Bald. Ver good again! Ver plaiſant Begad! Who de Devil voud taken me for de Plotter? Who de Devil do deſire to be taken for de Plotter? Not de *Francois*, Meeſtre *Bull*: De *Engliſh* man, do deſire to be taken for de Plotter, and he is hang'd for de Plotter.

Bull ſ. Well! I begin to think that I am an Aſs, and that the Marquis is a wiſe man.

Bald. Madam La Comteſſe!

Frowz. My Lord!

Bald. Have you yet ſpoke vid de Viconte?

Frowz. Not yet, my Lord.

Bald. Do you know, Madam, dat de Duc has been vid me, and has meake me de promiſe to appear at de head of feeve touſand men! Meeſtre *Bull*, de Counteſs, Morbleau, be de brave Dame, and bear always about her de veritable marque of de voman of condition.

Bull ſ. Pray what ſhould that be?

Bald. You muſt know dat in *France* de voman of Con-

Condition be distingue from de common voman by de kisse.

Bull s. Gadsbud that's odd, as how pray?

Bald. Look you Meestre *Bull*, Van in *France* you kis's de Dame upon de Moue, if she do stink of Brandevin, do you compraud me Meestre *Bull*, if she do stink very strong of Brandevin, Jernie dat be de veritable voman of quality.

Frowz. And, Mr *Bull*, the men of quality in *France* too are distinguish'd by their savours.

Bald. Sometime, Mr *Bull*, sometime.

Frowz. As for example; the simple Gentleman smells modestly and you may approach if you please. The Chevalier stinks more proudly, and you must keep some distance. But the stately Marquis has an inaccessible hogo.

Bald. Diantre! Dat be plaisant. De Countess, Meestre *Bull* be de Railleuse, De Countess be de ver good Drole Meestre *Bull*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, The Officers are come and want to speak with you.

Bull s. Gadsbud, we are all undone, here are frolicks for the Devil!

Bald. Meestre *Bull*, you have no apprehaunsion at all, no apprehaunsion of any thing, Meestre *Bull*. Stand a you still, and receive dem, and let me alone vid de reste. Allons, Violins, strike up de Minuet.

The Musick plays a Minuet, The Officers enter during the Dance.

1st Of. Sir, We have an order of Council to search the Neighbourhood for persons who are in the Proclamation, but because we know you to be a civil Gentleman, we shall take your word. Is this all the Company that you have in your house?

Bull.

Bull ſ. All, upon my word, Gentlemen.

1 *Off.* Why then, we wiſh you a good night, Sir. For I'll ſwear theſe people are not in the Plot.

2 *Off.* He were a Devil who could take theſe to be Plotters. *Exeunt Off.*

Bull ſ. Well, this Marquis is a great man. (*a ſide.*

Bald. Vat ſay you now, Meeſtre *Bull*? Vho vud taaka us to be de Plotters? Vat had become of you, if you had plotted vid de Angliſh-man? Ven de Angliſh man doe plot, Begad all his politiq be on de outſide of him, and his Contenance be as terrible as if it vere already upon de Pole.

Frowz. His Lordſhip's in the right of it. When an *Engliſh-man* goes about to cut a Throat, faith and troth he looks like a damn'd Rogue.

Bald. Ouy Morbleu! He appear to be de Felon, de Sauvage; he have de Devil of malice in his Viſage. But van de Fraunch-man do go about to cut de troat, Oh de plaiſant man! He be abſolument de beſt humour'd Creature in de univerſal vorld: So civil, ſo frolic, ſo gay, dat dere be plaiſir, dere be ſatisfaction in having de troat cut by de Fraunch-man. Meeſtre *Bull*! Van de *Fraunch-man* do medite de grand miſchief, he alvays copie dat bel original de Monkey; he ſhow de ver plaiſant grimace, he make de ſhattering and de noiſe, dat ſignifie juſt noting at all. Begad, you voud ſwear he had no meaning in the univerſal vorld: He dance up and down, and play de touſand pretty tricks, and begad do ruin twenty, forty, a hundred people, vile dey are making de ridicule upon him.

Frowz. His Lordſhip tells you but the naked truth.

Bald. Meeſtre *Bull*! you muſt put a your Scrawl to dis paper! (*Pulling out a Pocket-book*) Vat are you villing to contribute to de grand expedition?

Bull ſ. What your Lordſhip thinks fit. But, my Lord, before I ſet my hand, (*apart*) would it not be convenient to ſend away theſe Dancing-maſters?

Bald. Jernie! you take a deſe Gentlemen to be de Coquin, de Maiſtre de Daunce? Deſe be ſome of de plus grand perſonages de *France*, who be come over deguiſee, to rendre ſervice to your Nation: dis be Monſieur le Marquis *De Coupee.* (*He preſents them one after another, and* Bull *ſalutes them.*)

Bull ſ. I am your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant.

Bald. Dis be de Viconte *Baladin.*

Bull ſ. I am your honours moſt obedient.

Bald. And dis be de Baron *De Belleſigure.*

Bull ſ. Your very humble: If your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to let me ſee the Book, I'll ſet my hand to it. (*He ſigns.*)

Bald (*Looking in the Book*) *Barnaby Bull*, a touſand pound! Very good, Meeſtre *Bull*, you ſall have de ver good place for dat. *A knocking.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Officers who were here are come back with Mr. *Bungy* the Conſtable, who has aſſur'd them that there are ſuſpicious perſons in the houſe.

Bull ſ. Damn'd Rogue!

Serv. I refus'd to open the doors till I had given notice of it.

Frowz. Oh Lord, Mr. *Bull*, what ſhall we do?

Bald. Ah, we ſall do ver well, ver well begad. Madam la Counteſſe, let a me alone, and no aprehaund any ting. Run a you all (*to thoſe who are about him*) and bring me de tings which I ordered to be left a in the Antichambre. [*They run and fetch diſguiſes:* Baldernoe *diſguiſes himſelf like a Conſtable, and his attendants like Watch-men. He places*

places himſelf on one ſide the door, and as Bungy *and his attendants enter,* Baldernoe *lifts up his ſtick, and half knocks him down, and at the ſame time ſpeaks.*

Bald. Vho goe dere?

Bung. (*Returning the blow*) A friend.

Bald. Vat friend? vat be your name?

Bung. My name is *Bungy*, my name is pretty well known, friend.

Bald. Bungy! vich of de *Bungy*'s? dere be *Bungy* de Cuckold, and *Bungy* de Vittal: Are you de Cuckol or de Vittal?

Bung. Hey day! what have we here? a *Walloon* Conſtable!

Bald. Walloon! Jernie you lye in your troat, me be de ver good *Gaſcon*, and de high Coneſtable of *Soho*.

Bungy. The high Conſtable of *Soho*! That, I muſt confeſs, may be, that may very well be indeed. But look you Brother Conſtable, here's an order of Council to ſearch the houſe.

Bald. My dear a Broder, me have already cherched the hooſe, and me find juſt noting at all.

Bungy. Have you look'd in the Cellar?

Bull ſ. There is nothing in the Cellar, upon my word Gentlemen, but two Pipes of Claret, and four Hogſheads of *October*.

Bungy. Claret! That is *French*? Do you hear that my Boys? The Enemy's at hand, and in a ſtrong body.

Omn. Fall on, fall on, fall on: Huzza! Huzza!

Bungy. But hearkee, Brother, I have orders to take up every one that I find in this houſe, Officers only excepted. Now the thing that I would know of you, is, whether Mr *Bull* and that fat Gentlewoman are comprehended in that order.

Bald. Oiy Begad, dey are compraunded. Dat old man have de look, Brother, of de ver dam Rogue.

Bungy. Then ſome of you away with him, while I with the reſt ſearch the Cellar; for I ſhall not be ſatisfy'd till I ſee all the Veſſels emptied, for fear there ſhould be Gun-powder or Fire-arms hid there.

Bull ſ. But hearkee, Mr Conſtable, hear me a word.

Bald. Morbleu Broder, you no hearken to any ting; avay vid him preſaunt.

Bull ſ. Do you hear this, Madam? Dog of a Marquis! (*apart.*)

Frowz. Mr *Bull*, he only does this for a blind, that he himſelf may paſs unſuſpected: For, he knows that you can receive no harm, unleſs they take up him, who has your hand-writing in his Pocket.

Bull ſ. Humph! Gadsbud that's true. Well this is a wonderful man.

Bungy. (*to his followers.*) Hearkee Gentlemen, what do you ſtay for? Away with them immediately.

Omn. Away with them! Away with them! Away with them!

Some of them carry off Bull ſ. *and* Frowz.

Bald. So! Now let's call in the Fiddles, and rejoyce for our good ſucceſs.

Enter Fiddles. After a Dance,

A Drinking Song by Mr Wycherley.

I.

A Merry Cup, faith let us drink,
To be more wiſe the leſs we think.

Since

Since thinking is a ſilly thing
Which brings us care,
Fear and deſpair,
To leave off thinking we ſhould ſing.

II

We'll ſing and drink eternally,
Who thinks too much, too ſoon will dye,
Too much thought, is too little ſenſe;
He's ſad who thinks,
He's glad who drinks,
He who thinks leaſt is moſt a Prince.

III.

Wiſe Turks, *that they may never think,*
Take Opium, *and wiſe* Chriſtians *drink;*
Thought drains and drys the fertile brain,
But moiſtning it,
Judgment and Wit
Will flouriſh and ſpring up again.

IV.

A merry Cup then let us take,
That dreams aſleep, nor cares awake,
May break our reſt, our peace deſtroy,
When we drink deep,
Cares, ſorrows ſleep,
Drowning our Care, buoys up our Joy.

V.

The thinker is the greateſt fool,
He without thought the true great ſoul, *Who*

Who lets the world jog on as 'twill,
Knowing all thought
Is good for nought,
But minds to torture, men to kill.

Bald. So! Now Gentlemen, while you are drinking out the old fellow's Wine, I'll make use of my utmost art to terrifie him, that I may prepare him for what's to come.

Bungy. But kearkee friend *Joseph*, thou who art a profest thorough-pac'd Rogue, hast appear'd as unconcern'd all this while, as if thou hadst been only acting. But I am sometimes ready to tremble, when I think what consequences this business may have.

Bald. P'shew! If the worst comes to the worst, that which brought thee on will bring thee off.

Bungy. What's that?

Bald. Why, your Landlord *Belvil*'s Money, old Boy. But fear nothing, for 'twill be in our sham Plot, as 'tis often in real Conspiracies,

Where poor Rogues scape, who first the Plot begin,
And the rich Sots are swing'd, who are drawn in.

The end of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE *Old* Bull's *house.*

Enter Belvil *and* Baldernoe.

Bald. AND what do I deſerve now?

Belv. A Statue: Thou art *Mercury* himſelf, the very genius and power of Cheating, and all the herd of Under-Rogues ſhall worſhip thee. But did my Couſin receive his Bride with ſo much joy?

Bald. With Rapture.

Belv. Fools are moſt ſubject to little tranſports, becauſe they are preſently ſtruck by appearances, and never reflect on conſequences. But are you ſure that neither my Couſin nor *Friskit* knew any thing of carrying away my Unkle?

Bald. I am very ſure. But what ſhould oblige you to conceal it from *Friskit?*

Belv. Becauſe at their return, I promiſe my ſelf very good ſport from their ignorance. About what time do you expect my Unkle back?

Bald. Much about this time. After that I Juſtice *Baldernoe*, had examin'd your Unkle and *Frowzy*, at my friend Mr. *Palmer*'s houſe, and had commanded my Clerk to draw up their *Mittimus*, I told your Unkle, that to ſhew him what favour I could, he ſhould have the priviledge of going in a Chair, and that *Frowzy* and his Guards ſhould follow at a diſtance; ſo I ordered the Chairmen before they brought him hither to trot twice round the Garden with him, diſmiſt the Myrmidons, threw off my diſguiſe, and brought *Frowzy* along with me.

Belv. Are the Chairmen to be depended on?

Bald. They are my Sub-pimps, and pick up a penny under me. But can you think to ſucceed in your atttempt, of ma-

making your Unkle's houſe paſs upon him for *Newgate*?

Belv. Are you ſure you ordered the Chairmen to bring him up to this very Chamber?

Bald. I did. And truſty *Joe*, who acts the Jaylor, is planted at the door; with inſtructions to receive and guide them.

Belv. This Chamber, you muſt know, is dignify'd by the name of the Devil's Apartment. It has been nail'd up theſe twenty years, upon the belief of its being haunted. And, beſides, I have caus'd it to be diſguis'd with as much art, as ſo ſhort a warning would let me. But is my Unkle ſufficiently ſcar'd?

Bald. Yes, damnably; and to terrifie him more, there happen'd the luckieſt accident in the world. For juſt as the Chairmen were carrying him along, the Hawkers roar'd out a Proclamation juſt publiſh'd, for the apprehenſion of Conſpirators who are juſt now diſcover'd, and I gave one of the Hawkers half a Crown to bellow out your Unkle's name; ſo that when he came to be examin'd, he never ſo much as look'd once up upon me. I never ſaw a more patibulary phyz: I'll tell you exactly for all the world how he look'd.

Belv. How, prithee?

Bald. Did you never obſerve a fellow, who, while the houſe has been all on fire beneath him, has been meaſuring with his Eyes the leap from the Garret-window. Did you never obſerve ſuch a one? Hah!

Belv. Why, Faith no ——

Bald. Why then you never had the beſt diverſion in the world. That would have given you an exact image of your Unkle.

Belv. Nay, at this rate we may make him believe what we pleaſe. But heark he comes, let us ſtep in quickly. *Ex.*

Enter Bull ſ. *in a Chair, and* Joe *with a bunch of Keys in his hand,* Bull ſ. *gets out of the Chair, and the Chairmen take away the Chair.*

Bull ſ. Pray, Mr Keeper, let the Lady who follows me be well us'd.

Joe. She ſhall have all the favour I can ſhew her.

Bull ſ.

Bull ſ. Have you never a better Room than this, Mr. Keeper?

Joe. Why, what ails the Room? A great many very good men have been hang'd out of this Room.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, what a commendation there was. Well! This is the only Jayl in Town that I have not yet been in. But I dont like coming to this *Newgate* a jot. As I came out of the Juſtices door to take Chair, I ſtumbled at the threſhold and fell flat on my face? That was boding. Immediately my Noſe burſt out a bleeding. Another deviliſh omen? And to confirm both, news was immediately brought me that my Lord Marquis was taken in his Conſtables habit. Pray, Mr Jaylor, let me have Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Joe. Do you deſign to impeach any one?

Bull ſ. Sir, I deſign to write my Narrative, and pray don't be troubleſom: My Narative! Good! Narrative *Bull*! This morning I had ſome little ſtock of reputation left in the world: And now before night I am turning Author and Evidence: Two very pretty creditable buſineſſes.

Joe. May I ask whom you deſign to accuſe, Sir?

Bull ſ. Perhaps you, Sir. Pray friend don't be troubleſom.

Joe. Me, Sir, I defie you, I am innocent, Sir.

Bull ſ. Innocent, Sir! Well, Sir! And I am an Evidence, Sir. Look you, friend, I muſt produce Traytors to ſave my ſelf, and Gadsbud I'll take the firſt perſons I can light of: I'll give my ſelf as little trouble as I can.

Joe. Hark you Sir! If it were not for the Duty I owe Mr. *Belvil*, and the obligations I have to him, I would load you with Irons till you roar'd, for this.

Bull ſ. Why, do you know my Nephew *Belvil*, friend?

Joe. Know him? I think I have reaſon, Sir. He help'd me to the employment which I am in.

Bull ſ. How?

Joe. He is one of thoſe who ſtands bound to the Gentlemen who lent the Money which purchas'd it. He has juſt now ſent to me, that in caſe you were committed —

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, is this Priſoner nam'd Mr. *Bull*?

Bull ſ. Friend, it is.

Boy. A Gentleman without deſires to ſpeak with you.

Joe. Sir, before he can be admitted, I muſt go ſearch and examine him. *Exeunt Boy, Joe.*

Bull ſ. I am glad to hear that my Nephew has ſo much influence upon this fellow. Inſtead of Evidence, I ſhall now turn Suborner, and do what I can to corrupt the Jaylor. I'll ſend for my Nephew immediately, and to engage him cloſely in my intereſt, releaſe my right of Guardianſhip, which by his Fathers Will was to continue till Marriage. What if I ſhould likewiſe beſtow his Miſtreſs upon him? Humph! I'll do't: For *Sylvia* refuſes to marry my Son, and *Batt* will be better provided for. *Enter* Rumour. Ah! my little Intelligencer!

Rum. Ah, Mr. *Bull*, my heart bleeds to ſee this ſight!

Bull ſ. Nay, prithee little *Rumour*, don't talk thus: Thou bringſt the tears into my eyes. Prethee now what News, my Boy!

Rum. Ah! Mr. *Bull.* (*Shakes his head.*)

Bull ſ. Nay, Gadsbud ſpeak to me.

Rum. Mr. *Bull*, I come from the Council-Chamber.

Bull ſ. Well!

Rum. That damn'd Marquis! That damn'd Marquis! (*Shrugs and lifts up his eyes.*

Bull ſ. Thou ſhrugſt as much as if thou wert Dean of the Colledge.

Rum. That damn'd Marquis!

Bull ſ. What of him?

Rum. Has produc'd a Table-book ——

Bull ſ. Gadsbud I am a dead man. (*aſide.*)

Rum. You tremble and look pale, Mr. *Bull.* So glorious a Cauſe, and want reſolution! What afraid, Mr. *Bull?*

Bull ſ. No, no, afraid! I am not afraid: But the noiſome ſmell of the Jayl raiſes the Vapours, and will certainly ſuffocate me.

Rum. Why, then I bring you comfort, comfort, Mr. *Bull.* Can you have patience till *Friday?*

Bull ſ. Why, what of *Friday*, little *Rumour?*

Rum. Nay, all that you hear me ſay is, Can you have patience till *Friday?*

Bull ſ. Nay, but my dear Bully, give me ſome ſatisfaction.

Rum. Before *Friday* night you'll be out.

Bull ſ.

Bull ſ. How doſt thou know?

Rum. Why they deſign to have you try'd to morrow, and hang'd before *Friday* noon. Have a little patience till *Friday*. Our friends, Mr. *Bull*, have great expectations from you, great expectations!

Bull ſ. What expectations?

Rum. Why, that you will go off bluff; and hang with ſuch an air, with ſuch a grace, that the Monthly Spectators at *Hide-Park* Corner may ſay unanimouſly, we were never ſo well pleas'd in our lives here.

Bull ſ. A pox pleaſe them! Doſt thou hear any news of my Son *Batt*?

Rum. Your Son and the Counteſſes Daughter are both in the Proclamation: The Meſſengers are ſearching all over the Town for them. They have ſet a thouſand pound a Head upon them. *Enter* Belvil *and* Sylvia.

Bull ſ. Oh Nephew!

Belv. Ah Sir, I am thoughly afflicted at this ſight.

Bull ſ. Are you here too, Madam?

Sylv. Can you wonder at that, Sir?

Bull ſ. Nephew! Thou wouldſt be the moſt welcome man in the world to me, if I were not conſcious to my ſelf, that I have us'd thee ſo like a Rogue, that I am aſham'd to look upon thee. Canſt thou forgive me?

Belv. Can you be ſo good as to ask it, Sir?

Bull ſ. Nephew, to ſhew you that I deſign to be a kind Unkle for the future, I here before this Gentleman releaſe my right of Guardianſhip, both to you and to this Lady, and ſhe may now diſpoſe of her perſon and fortune, as ſhe her ſelf thinks fit.

Belv. Sir, you oblige me in the moſt ſenſible part of me: And before I have ſlept I ſhall endeavour to deſerve this kindneſs.

Sylvia. It was but this afternoon, Sir, that you deſigned me for your Son. This is a very ſudden alteration.

Bull ſ. 'Tis true, Madam. But other people now have a deſign upon *Batt*, a pernicious double deſign. Poor *Batt* is like to be ſwing'd: There is both a Licence and a Proclamation out againſt him, and before three days are at an end they threaten both to marry, and hang him.

Belv. Now, Madam, may I presume to claim the performance of your promise. What, no answer? But what answer could be so favourable to me as silence?

Bull s. Nephew! Consider that the Halter is now about your Unkle's Neck. Some other time for Courtship good Nephew. The Jaylor gives me to understand that you have some influence over him.

Belv. Otherwise he were a very ungrateful Rogue. I have been just speaking to him in your behalf, and have with much ado prevail d upon him ——— Heark you, Sir, a word in your ear. Who is that Gentleman!

Bull s. A very honest fellow.

Belv. Is he to be trusted?

Bull s. With any thing in the world — that he can't pawn. The Dog will entertain folks rather with his own invention, than with his friends secrets.

Belv. Why then, Sir, with much ado, I have prevail'd upon the Keeper, to let you make your escape: But it must be upon his own terms.

Bull s. Upon any terms, Gadsbud, upon any terms.

Belv. You must know then, that so many who were committed for Treason, having lately got out of this Prison, he lies under a strong suspition, and consequently must be oblig'd to make his escape with you, and to leave his employment.

Bull s. Very good!

Belv. This employment cost him three thousand pound, which is still a debt, and must be discharg'n before he goes off.

Bull s. It shall be paid to night.

Belv. And then two thousand pound will be the very least penny that can make compensation for his abandoning all, and provide for his subsistence in a foreign Country. Do you consent to the payment of that too?

Bull s. Gadsbud 'tis a great deal of Money.

Belv. Look you, Sir, you have but a moment to resolve: For your Tryal comes on to morrow, and consequently your escape must be made to night: And if you determine to pay the Money, you must give your orders immediately.

Bull s. No abatement?

Belv. None.

Bull ſ. 'Tis very hard, but I muſt ſubmit: I have Notes for the money in my Pocket, which will be paid at ſight. *(He gives him the Notes)*

Belv. 'Tis very well! I will go and give all neceſſary orders and attend you agen. Madam, I wait upon you.

Exeunt. Belv. Sylvia.

Rum. Mr. *Rull*, your moſt humble Servant. *Exit.*

Bull ſ. This is a melancholy buſineſs in troth, a very melancholy buſineſs; but here comes *Batt* and the young Lady.

Enter Bull j. *and* Friskit.

Bull j. Hey day! What a Devil makes him in this Room, which has been nail'd up for theſe twenty years. Yeſterday he was afraid to paſs by the very door. Mr *Bull* your Servant.

Bull ſ. Mr *Dorant*, your humble Servant. Madam, your moſt humble Servant. Are you two priſoners?

Bull j. Priſoners! Ay, priſoners for life, old boy!

Bull ſ. Perhaps not ſo neither.

Bull j. How, not ſo neither?

Bull ſ. Madam.

Frisk. Sir.

Bull ſ. Bear up, don't be dejected.

Frisk. I am always contented with my preſent condition, Sir.

Bull ſ. Spoken, Gadsbud, like a wiſe woman.

Bull j. And for my part, I am both glad and proud of my captivity.

Bull ſ. This was always a vain Rogue, and always will be. Glad and proud of his being in *Newgate*! Senſeleſs puppy, *(aſide)* Who ſecur'd you?

Bull j. Who ſecur'd you? How every old impertinent Fop can be ſatyrical upon a new married couple! Why, if you call it ſecuring us, Parſon *Gogle* ſecur'd us.

Bull ſ. Did he ſo? He may be aſham'd of the office.

Bull ſ. (aſide) What will this World come too? When a Parſon is eſteem'd the moſt contemptible Pandar, and marrying folks is thought the moſt ſcandalous ſort of pimping; nay, and by ſuch Reverend Grey-bearded Rogues too.

Bull ſ.

Bull ſ. Who do you think did my buſineſs and the Counteſſes?

Bull j. Why are you too in Limbo, to carry on the Allegory?

Bull ſ. In Limbo? Why what the Devil do you think I do here?

Bull j. (*aſide*) In Limbo? Why what the Devil do you think I do here! A very odd anſwer! Very abſurd, let me periſh! Yet why ſhould I wonder at that! When this was always an impertinent fellow: But who was it did you the bleſſed office?

Bull ſ. Why that treacherous Rogue my Neighbour *Bungy*, the Conſtable.

Bull j. My Neighbour *Bungy*?

Bull ſ. Ay, Mr *Dorant*.

ull j. *Bungy* the Conſtable?

Bull ſ. The very ſame.

Bull j. That married you and the Counteſs? Ha, ha, ha.

Bull ſ. Marry'd! Is that the cant word for ſending a Man and a Woman together to this place?

Bull j. The Cant word for ſending a Man and a Woman together to this place! (*aſide*) Light headed by all that's good! Well! But if you and the Counteſs are link'd, I wiſh you joy, much joy of you Fetters, Mr *Bull*.

Bull ſ. Look you Mr *Dorrant*, don't rally your friends in adverſity, for that may breed ill blood: I give you fair warning.

Bull j. (*aſide*) So! marriage has ſo far loſt its credit, that it is chriſtened adverſity, and now adays, if you wiſh a married man joy, he immediately thinks you rally him.

Bull ſ. Madam, this is a ſad place for friends to meet in. I hope you'll excuſe ———

Bull j. Prithee honeſt Mr *Bull*, no Apologies, for ſhe and I had as live ſee thee here, as in any place in Chriſtendom.

Bull ſ. Let me tell you, the *Preſs-yard* is but a ſad place to ſee a friend in.

Bull j. The *Preſs-yard*! Why who has any friend in the *Preſs-yard*?

Bull ſ. Why is there no body in the *Preſs-yard*, whom you eſteem your friend, and for whom you are concern'd?

Bull ſ. Look you, between you and me, Mr *Bull* I hope to ſee all the friends I have in the *Preſs-yard*, very fairly hang'd

Bull ſ.

Bull ſ. (*aſide*) Damn'd unnatural Rogue! Heark you! A word in your ear, Sir. Are not you a Dog to inſult over your poor Father in affliction! (*In the Ear*)

Bull j. In affliction!

Bull ſ. (*aſide*) Ay, Sirrah! when you too are in the ſame condition, and you don't know what may become of you

Bull j. Become of me!

Bull ſ. Ay Sirrah! As ſoon as I get out of this place, I ſhall remember this behaviour with a vengeance. 'Tis true indeed, I am now in a Jayl, and bound to my good behaviour.

Bull j. Ha! His Scull's crack'd, by Heavens. (*aſide*)

Bull ſ. But I ſhall not be always in *Newgate*.

Bull j. Stark ſtaring mad, let me periſh! (*aſide*) Ha! I muſt humour his frenzy: For when he was ſober, he would uſe me like a Football, if at any time I contradicted him: What will he do now he's mad? (*aſide*)

Bull ſ. I tell you, Sirrah, I ſhall have my liberty ſooner than you may imagine.

Bull ſ. Alas! I know it very well, Sir: The Keeper inform'd me of it as I came in but now.

Bull ſ. And how durſt you ſay then, that you hop'd all would be hang'd that were in the *Preſs-yard*?

Bull j. Lord Sir, I thought the *Preſs-yard* had been on the other ſide *Newgate*.

Bull ſ. Oh! Did you ſo? Did the Keeper tell you how much I gave him?

Bull j. He ſaid nothing of that.

Bull ſ. Five thouſand pound, you Dog! A ſwinging ſumm! But mum you Rogue! Gadsbud not a Syllable. Heark you, the Keeper makes his eſcape with me. But upon your life not a word! (*In the ear.*)

Bull j. This is very ſtrange. He was well enough within this half hour, he talk'd as ſenſible as I my ſelf can do: But theſe things will happen.

Bull ſ. Madam?

Friſk. Sir.

Bull ſ. Don't be diſmay'd, don't be dejected.

Bull j. Heark you my dear, in your Ear. Stark ſtaring mad by Heavens: Humour him a little in his Frenzy, while

I go fetch ſome to take care of him. *Exit Bull. j.*

Bull ſ. Look you, Madam, you ſhall not be in *Newgate* three days longer, aſſure your ſelf.

Friskit. In *Newgate*, Sir! Lord! How wildly he looks!

Bull ſ. No, for if ſome people make good their promiſe to me, you may aſſure your ſelf that the firſt thing I ſhall do after I have my liberty ſhall be to take care of yours.

Frisk. I expect the appointed time, Sir.

Bull ſ. As for my own part, I deſign for *Flanders*; but if I have any friends or intereſt in the world, I ſhall leave thoſe behind me, who ſhall ſollicit your buſineſs powerfully.

Frisk. Well! this is very wild, and yet ſomething conſiſtent too. How do you find your ſelf, Sir?

Bull ſ. Why, faith Madam, pretty well in Body, but grievouſly troubled in Mind. A troubled Spirit is a grievous burden, Madam. I am afraid I behave my ſelf after a mad rate: But you'll have the goodneſs to excuſe all.

Frisk. He ſeems ſomething ſenſible of his condition; a ſign that his caſe is not deſperate.

Enter Belvil, Bull j. Baldernoe, *and* Frowzy.

Bull j. (*To the reſt, who ſtop juſt by the Door*) Look you, ſay as I do, and I'll obſerve what you ſay: For, as you ſay, *Ned*, it is neceſſary that we ſhould make him ſenſible of his condition, and cure him of this conceit of his being in *Newgate.*

Belv. You muſt. For if, as you ſay, the fear of hanging has ſeiz'd ſo ſtrongly upon him, as long as that continues, he'll grow worſe.

Bull j. But then, *Ned*, for fear, as you ſay, that as ſoon as he is convinc'd that he is not in *Newgate*, he ſhould grow unruly, and refuſe to undergo the Remedies which may be proper for him; we muſt e en make him believe, that he is in *Salva Cuſtodia* in another place.

Belv. And that his friends who ſtudied his welfare, made uſe of the Addreſs of making him believe he was ſent to *Newgate*, only that they might convey him gently to that other place

Bull ſ. Ay, ay, as *Bedlam* for example; but be ſure you ſay as I do. *They go forward*

Bull

Bull ſ. (*ſpying them*) Oh Nephew, where have you left your Miſtreſs?

Belv. In a place where ſhe has engagingly chang'd that name for a kinder.

Bull ſ. (*to Frowzy*) Madam, I am ſorry to ſee you here, I hope the Jaylor uſes you kindly.

Bull j. Jaylor! What Jaylor! Here's no Jaylor.

Bull ſ. Where's no Jaylor?

Bull j. Why not within a mile of this place.

Bull ſ. Hey day! What! I warrant there's no Jaylor to *Newgate*.

Bull j. Newgate! Why there we have it again. *Newgate!* What *Newgate?* Rot me, here's no *Newgate*.

Bull ſ. This fool ought to be ſhut up in *Bedlam*.

Bull j. Why there's it, the fool is already ſhut up in *Bedlam*.

Bull ſ. What does the Fop mean?

Bull j. Why the Fop has no meaning at all, and therefore he was ſent hither. Look you old Gentleman, I will touch this matter as gently as I can to you. Your friends taking notice that you were grown ſomething fooliſh, whimſical, abſurd, and ſoforth, thought fit to have you ſent to the Colledge here, that you might go through a courſe of Philoſophy, and be cudgell'd and firk'd into a little Wiſdom, by the ſurly profeſſors of this place.

Bull ſ. What can this Dog mean?

Bull j. But conſidering that you were always an obſtinate Scoundrel, they thought it might be convenient to make uſe of a little Addreſs with you. So taking you up for a ſham Plot, they had you before a ſham Magiſtrate, and inſtead of carrying you to *Newgate*, convey'd you to the Southſide of *Moorfields* here.

Bull ſ. Was ever ſuch a helliſh Raſcal heard of?

Bull j. Why look you, would any one but a Cit who was out of his Senſes, call a perſon of my quality Raſcal to my face!

Bull ſ. A perſon of your quality, you Rogue! Sirrah! What do I ſay or do like a mad man, that you dare to talk at this impudent rate to me?

Bull j. Every thing thou ſayſt or doeſt, let me periſh. Will

you put it to the judgment of the Company: If thou canſt give but ſo much as a reaſonable anſwer to any thing; if thou either knoweſt what thou art, or where thou art, or with whom thou art, then will I be contented to be thought mad, and dieted and flogg'd in thy ſtead.

Bull ſ. Say you ſo? Come on, Sir! I take you at your word.

Bull ſ. Come then, old Bully, anſwer to thy Catechiſm. What and where art thou?

Bull ſ. Sirrah, to anſwer both in a breath, if I were not in *Newgate*, I would quickly prove to thee by very weighty arguments, that I am thy own natural Father.

Bull j. Exceedingly fooliſh, let me periſh. Come, come, judgment, judgment, the judgment of the Company. Is this old fellow in *Newgate* or in *Bedlam*?

Omn. In *Bedlam* in *Bedlam.*

Bull j. Very good! Do you believe now that the inſide of your Skull is a little out of repair, or no?

Bull ſ. I am ſo amaz'd, that I know not what to think.

Bull j. Oh, oh, are you thereabouts? Now, let only this Lady anſwer. Madam, (*to Friskit*) do you own this old fellow to be your Father or no?

Bull ſ. Sirrah! Did I ſay I was her Father?

Frisk. Sir, If you are his Father, you muſt be mine, for this is my Husband.

Bull ſ. Is he ſo; I am glad of that however. (*aſide*) Madam, he may be your Husband, but I'll make him know that he is my Son.

Bull j. Raving mad, let me periſh. Now *Ned*, do you anſwer: What is this old Gentleman's name?

Belv. Bull.

Bull ſ. Very good. And, Madam, (*to Frowzy*) what is my name?

Frowz. Dorant.

Bull j. A *Bethlemite*, a *Bethlemite*, a *Bethlemite!*

Bull ſ. (*to Frowzy*) Tho his name is *Dorant* he is my Son. I ſhall ſatisfie your Ladyſhip about that buſineſs another time.

Belv. Pray, Sir, who is that whom you call her Ladyſhip?

Bull ſ. Why the Counteſs there.

Belv. The Counteſs! Ha, ha, ha, why that is *Frowzy* the *Flanderkin.*

Bull j

Bull j. The Counteſs! Ay, ay, this is *Frowzy* the *Flanderkin!* Well ſaid little *Ned*, (*aſide to Belvil*) banter him *Ned.*

Belv. And this is *Friskit* her Daughter.

Bull j. Ay, this is *Friskit* her Daughter. Ha, ha, ha. Well had ever man ſuch diverſion?

Bull ſ. Well, either this (*aſide*) old Counteſs is a damn'd Jade, or elſe it is a moot caſe, whether I am in *Newgate* or *Bedlam*. *Frowzy*, Have a care what you ſay, Nephew! ſhe's a Bawd! This a Lady of Honour and Quality.

Baldernoe, *who had kept behind all this while, comes and ſtands before him, while* Belvil *ſays what follows, and ſtares him in the face.*

Belv. For my part, I won't ſay this Reverend Gentlewoman is a Bawd. But ſhe's very famous for her Charity, I'll ſay that for her: A great doer of good offices, a reconciler of differences, and a promoter of Chriſtian Union.

Bull ſ. (*to Bald.*) Oh, is your Lordſhip there? It ſeems you have accus'd me.

Bald. (*grinning*) Do you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Bull ſ. Ha! Are not you my Lord Marquis?

Bald. My Lord Marquis? Alas poor Gentleman! Let me ſee! (*pulls out his Almanack*) Full Moon *March* the firſt, three quarters after ſeven at night.

Belv. Why this is my man *Baldernoe*, Sir.

Bull ſ. Damnation! What do I hear? This is a Rogue. I both ſee him, and hear him, and ſmell him. Let me go, let me go, a plague confound you all, let me go

They ſtrive to hold him; he breaks from them and runs towards the Door.

Now let me ſee a little whither they have brought me whither this is *Newgate* or *Bedlam*. (*He runs to the Door and looks out*) Death and the Devil! I have been all this while in my own houſe. But tho I am not at preſent in *Bedlam*, I am not like to be long out of it. Was ever man ſerv'd as I have been? I have been us'd like a *Bartholomew* Cokes; I have been cheated of five thouſand pound, have been made to paſs for a mad man: And my Son in all likelihood is marry'd to the worſt of Drabs. But hold, let me conſider a lit-

tle. That Fop there is my Son, and in affirming the contrary they are miſtaken; and this is my own houſe: In ſaying it is not they lye. But that Raſcal yonder is not a Marquis: So far they are in the right: Now what that old Gentlewoman and her Daughter are, it lies upon me to examin. For, tho my Son is an unnatural Rogue, yet I cannot wholly caſt off the concern of a Father for him. Beſides, both my Credit and Intereſt will ſuffer in his misfortune, and I am ſure I muſt be concern'd for thoſe, Madam!

Frowz. Sir?

Bull ſ. And are you the very perſon that they ſay you are?

Frowz. The very perſon, at your ſervice, Sir.

Bull ſ. Bleſs us! And is it your Daughter that my Son has married?

Frowz. Heav'ns! And is it your Son that my Daughter has married?

Bull ſ. Am I thus groſsly impos'd upon?

Frowz. Am I thus baſely cheated?

Bull ſ. Is the Counteſs ſunk to this?

Frowz. Is the Viſcount dwindled to this?

Bull ſ. Have you that are a Bawd, and have known what Carting is, preſume to marry your Daughter to the Son of ſuch a man as I am?

Frowz. Have you that are a Cit, and have known what Cuckoldom is, dar'd to marry your Son, to the Daughter of ſuch a Woman as I am?

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, the Boy's ruin'd.

Frowz. Faith and troth the Girl's undone.

Bull ſ. He'll quite loſe his Reputation.

Frowz. She'll be downright infamous.

Bull ſ. I deſign'd to make him one of the principal Merchants of *England*.

Frowz. I intended her for one of the topping Traders of the Kingdom.

Bull ſ. But he'll now be avoided by all ſubſtantial Dealers.

Frowz. She'll be now thrown off by all her luſty Lovers.

Bull ſ. As for my Daughter-in-law, I ſhall get her ſoundly whipt.

Frowz.

Frowz. As for my Son-in-law, I ſhall get him fairly pillory'd.

Bull j. (*to Belv.*) Hearkee *Ned*, prithee a word with thee: is all this rallery or no?

Bull ſ. Rallery you ſenſeleſs puppy? Is this raillery? (*ſtrikes him*) and this, and this, and this. Nephew, a word or two with you.

Belv. But without paſſion I beſeech you, Sir.

Bull ſ. Without paſſion let it be then. Have you behav'd your ſelf in all this buſineſs think you, ſuitably to the Character which you bear in the world? Where's the man of ſenſe, and the man of honour in all this? Is it for a man of honour to be concern'd in a cheat? Or for a man of ſenſe to bring miſery and infamy upon his Family, and infamy too, which muſt reflect on himſelf. What is become of the money I gave you.

Belv. Why, to tell you the truth, I kept it as a Truſtee for Collonel *Medley*.

Bull ſ. Hah! Have you dar'd to do this? Gadsbud, I'll have you all indicted for Cheats.

Belv. Why then *Baldernoe* here ſhall e'en produce his pocket-book.

Bull ſ. Ha!

Belv. Look you, Sir, it was agreed by Collonel *Medley* and me, that I ſhould be ſerviceable to him in the getting his money for him, and he ſhould be inſtrumental in the helping me to my Miſtreſs; the Lady I have got, and he ſhall have the money.

Bull ſ. He ſhall?

Belv. He ſhall. Yet to ſhew you that my intentions were honourable, and that in what I have done, I have acted by a nobler motive than Intereſt, if you will promiſe before this Company to forgive what's part, and to approve my Marriage, then I promiſe upon the word of a Gentleman to pay back the five thouſand pound, and to pay the ſame ſumm to the Collonel my friend, out of my own fortune.

Bull ſ. Ha! Sayſt thou ſo? And canſt thou ſhow thy ſelf ſo much a friend to one is of a contrary party?

Belv. I can never ceaſe to be a friend to any one, becauſe he's in an unhappy errour. For to err is humane, and whereve

whatever is humane may befal the beſt of us. I know the Collonel to be a man of honour, and men of honour in all parties have the nobleſt Relation.

Bull ſ. Well, Nephew! To ſhew you that this generoſity has touch'd me, ſet but that intreaging head upon invention once more, and find out a way to rid me of this Beldam, and her Daughter, ſo that I and my Son may never hear more of them, and the Town may never talk of the buſineſs, and I here promiſe not only to approve your Marriage, but to pay the five thouſand pound to the Collonel my ſelf immediately.

Belv. Why then, Sir, know, that as you at the time that you fancied your ſelf in *Newgate*, were very ſafe in your own houſe here, ſo your Son, tho he imagins himſelf link'd in Wedlock, is ſtill the maſter of his Native freedom, and as a ſham Magiſtate committed you to an imaginary Priſon, ſo a counterfeit Prieſt betray'd him to a chimerical Marriage; and *Baldermoe* here, who was the Juſtice that committed you, was the Prieſt too who fetter'd your Son.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, let me hug him for it.

Belv. And now, Sir, I hope you are ſatisfy'd, that I have been ſo far from ingaging in a Cheat, that I have only oblig'd you to do juſtice to my ſelf, and my friend.

Bull ſ. I acknowledg it.

Belv. And inſtead of bringing miſery and infamy upon my Family, I have endeavour'd, by opening your Eyes, to prevent your being cheated for the future, and conſequently to prevent your real misfortunes, and your future Infamy. And firſt, for you, Couſin, I hope what has happen'd will ſomething cool your paſſion for quality, which has ſo often run you into ſo many inconveniencies. For we have taken an effectual courſe, to ſhew you that a bare Title is but an imaginary excellence, which, though it ſometimes ſhows and adorns true Merit, yet it never gives it, and does not always ſuppoſe it.

Bull ſ. Sirrah! Lay this up in your heart.

Belv. As for you, Sir, I have hopes that what is paſt, may ſomewhat aſſuage your itch of Caballing, and correct your Credulity. What has happen'd, may ſerve to convince you, that there are in all Parties, perſons who find it their intereſt

eſt to deceive the reſt, and that the one half of every faction, makes a property in Fee-ſimple of the other: Therefore, if I may preſume to adviſe you, never believe any thing will or will not be, becauſe it is agreeable or contrary to your humour, but becauſe it is in it ſelf likely or improbable. And that for the future, you may be ſecure from more dangerous attempts than mine, learn to check your Vanity, and to moderate that heat, which you ſhow upon every occaſion, and to humble your Pride. For credulity in men engaged in a party, proceeds oftner from Pride than Weakneſs. And it is the hardeſt thing in the world to impoſe upon an humble man.

Few tricking Rogues would be believ'd,
Unleſs their Sotts by Self-conceit,
Were acceſſaries in the cheat,
And by themſelves were firſt deceiv'd.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs Aliſon, *who acted the Beau.*

THo I was lately ſlighted as a Beau,
I hope you'll think me fit for buſineſs now.
For Friskit's *motive to refuſe me then,*
Will ſcarce be thought a juſt one by the men.
For young and little things, are things, I'm ſure,
Which you'll be well contented to endure.
Therefore the Poet was inclin'd to chuſe
Your humble Servant to ſuſtain his Muſe:
He knew, if I would beg, I ſhould not want
A favour, who you know have one to grant.
I've kept it long; There's an old Dame —— Pox on her,
An old moroſe, damn'd grinning Jade, call'd Honour;
Who with her coldneſs checks my forward Nature,
Elſe ſhould I quickly prove ——— The happieſt creature!
I'll throw her off, if poſſibly I can,
Throw the grim Goddeſs off, and put on Man.
I your young, buxom Magdalen's *deſpiſe,*
She Saints, that have ſev'n Devils in their eyes:
Who, to perſwade us they're above Humanity,
Starve vigorous Appetites, to feed dull Vanity.
No; 'tis decreed, ſince Lovers are ſo plenty,
No Maid ſhall tread our Stage of five and twenty.
Egad we'll uſe our prime, before 'tis paſt,
All won't find Legacies for being Chaſte.
Now who ſhall firſt be my man? He, I ſwear,
Who for this Play moſt warmly ſhall declare:
Tho 'tis the empty Fop in Covent-garden,
Nay, tho ſome wheezing o'regrown City Warden,
On whoſe high Front the Branching Antlers grow,
Full Beaſt above, and not half Man below.

FINIS.

6